

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

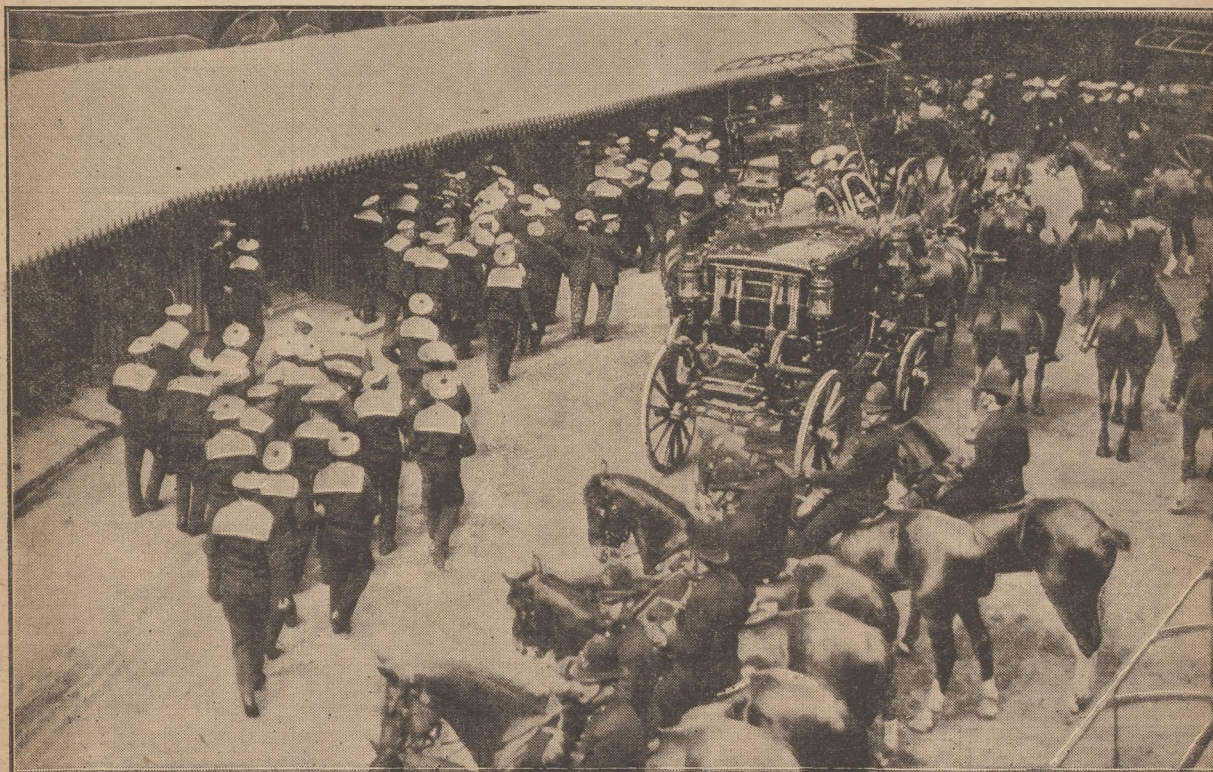
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BLUEJACKETS FROM THE FRENCH FLEET IN LONDON YESTERDAY.



Arrival of the Lord Mayor's naval guests at the Guildhall yesterday. The welcome accorded to the French sailors as they drove through the streets was even more enthusiastic than that given to their officers the day before, and their delight at the warmth of their reception was unmistakable.



One hundred and twenty petty officers and men from the French fleet at Portsmouth, with eighty British bluejackets, were yesterday entertained by the Lord Mayor of London at luncheon in the Guildhall. The photograph was taken as the party of seamen was passing the Nelson Column in Trafalgar-square on its way to the City.

LONDON WELCOMES FRENCH SAILORS.

Enthusiastic Reception by
Enormous Crowds.

JACQUES DELIGHTED.

Entertained Afterwards at an
Alhambra Matinee.

OFFICERS AT WINDSOR.

"Entente Cordiale" Spirit Domi-
nates the Nation.

"I go back to tell my friends what a hospitable country England is."

So said Paul Beauville, one of the seamen on Admiral Caillaud's flagship as he stepped into the train which was to take him back from London to Portsmouth last night.

"I have lunched with your Lord Mayor, I have heard your countrymen cheer, and I have seen your capital city full of people showing their friendship for France. I go back home in a few days to tell what I have seen and to tell my countrymen how great the heart of England is. Hurrah for the British!"

So saying, the French sailorman stepped into the train and waved a farewell to London.

He and a hundred and twenty of his fellows were as happy as sandboys.

CHEERS ANSWER CHEERS.

They had arrived at Victoria from Portsmouth at twelve o'clock to find a dozen bays awaiting them and thousands of people outside cheering as loudly as English throats can do when they are voicing a genuine feeling of enthusiasm. Then the Frenchmen started to cheer as well. They swarmed as far towards the tops of the conveyances as they could, clinging to the ribs which were intended to hold up sheltering canopies in case of rain, and tried to rival the heartiness of the cheering which accompanied their progress through the gaily-decorated streets to the Guildhall.

The Lord Mayor awaited them in the building which for so many years has been the scene of gatherings intended to encourage the amity of nations.

Between Victoria and the Guildhall were countless thousands of sightseers. Hyde Park Corner, made almost indistinguishable by the size of its crowd; Piccadilly, and Pall Mall, where even the people in the clubs—centres of decorum and inherent peacefulness—helped to swell the roar of welcome.

LONDON'S GREAT WELCOME.

Those few Frenchmen who saw the high column on which the armless figure of Nelson stands in Trafalgar-square did not recognise it, for they were too busily engaged in shouting "Vive." Loud was the welcome they received at this point. Grouped on the kerbside under the monument were a company of retired sailors, who now serve as porters at the Admiralty. The Frenchmen recognised the serge, and made their cheer a louder one. For all sons of the sea are brothers.

The Buzzard was brave with flags as the sailors passed along the Embankment, still noisy with happiness. Then the City's clerks, released from their labours for the dinner-hour, welcomed our sailor friends into the heart of London.

The Guildhall luncheon, which formed the most important item of the day's programme, was a comparatively silent function, in spite of the cordial feeling between the guests and those who wished to do them honour. The Frenchmen ate silently, and hardly dared to smile. Was not the great City of which they had heard so much doing them honours? Great honours are serious things after all.

FISH HURRIEDLY COOKED.

One strange mistake had been made by the authorities. It was Friday, and there was no fish on the menu. The Frenchmen, still noisy with happiness, and the English, who in spite of the plenitude of choice viands many a good Catholic would have had to go hungry but for the fact that at the last moment the mistake was rectified and salmon was bought and hurriedly cooked.

The liquors provided were beer, claret, and lemonade. The English sailors who had accompanied the party chose their national beverage, but the Frenchmen partook of the wine of their own country, and, in that wine, drank to the health of "His Gracious Majesty the King and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra." British petty officers, who wore on their arms a band bearing the word "Interpreter," translated the meaning of Sir John Pounds' brief speech, and then the Frenchmen rose to their feet and cheered. Again they rose and cheered as the Lord Mayor stood up and with a few felicitous remarks proposed the health of the head of the French Republic.

When the party left the City and drove westwards they were round their necks a pendant

which had been presented to each of them. It was emblematic of London's welcome. Many had medals on their breasts as well, but those were symbols of war. The new medal was one significant of the new order of things.

St. Paul's-churchyard, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and the Strand were even more enthusiastically the morning route had been. Many a Frenchman was hoarse as, perspiring with enthusiasm, he stepped from the brake conveying him and walked into the Alhambra Theatre. Here a programme had been arranged which, in every respect, was an emblem of the good-feeling between France and England.

The house was a building made of red and white and blue—the colours of which the flags of France and England both are formed. The French Hospital and Dispensary benefited by the £500 taken at the doors.

PEACE DEFEATS WAR.

The animated photographs depicted life in the navies of the two countries, and the very ballet was named "Entente Cordiale," and condensed into a poem of moving colour and sweet sounds the mood of the large audience.

When the ballet was over, and Peace, a damsel clothed in white, had defeated the machinations of the Demon of War, and brought into concord the nations of the earth, the audience rose to its feet, and the strains of "The Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" brought a notable performance to a fitting termination.

Jack and Jean went back to their brakes and drove to Victoria. The Lord Mayor, who looked as delighted as the humblest sailor, drove to the Mansion House.

"It has been a splendid day," he was heard to say as he left the theatre.

"It has been delightful," said Paul Beauville, the sailor, as he stepped into the train and went back to Portsmouth. "But I feel very hoarse. You see, I have cheered so much."

VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

French Officers Lay a Wreath on Queen
Victoria's Tomb.

The eighty French officers who, with thirty English confrères, visited Windsor Castle yesterday, received a great welcome from the people of the royal borough.

Special trains, each with gaily-decorated engines, conveyed them from Portsmouth and London, and at the station the parties were met by Lord Escher, who presented the mayor, Sir William Shipley, to Admiral Caillaud and the French Ambassador.

The visitors were struck with the beauty of the mausoleum, where they first went. With great reverence, they bowed before the tomb of Queen Victoria.

The wreath from the French visitors was placed at the foot of the tomb. It was composed of orchids and lilies of the valley, and bore the following inscription:—

Hommage de Commandant en Chef et des Officiers de l'Escadre Française du Nord."

At the castle the party were met by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Farquhar, Colonel Fredericks, and other officers of the Household, and Mr. Guy Laking, Keeper of the King's Armoury.

After the treasures of the Castle had been inspected luncheon was served in the St. George's Hall, where a band of the 2nd Life Guards played a selection of music, and the royal gold plate was displayed.

There were no speeches, but Lord Farquhar proposed the healths of the King and the French President.

Subsequently the visitors returned by special train, some to Portsmouth and others to London.

HOW TO WASH CLOTHES.

London Laundry Girls Explain Their Methods
to French Experts.

L'entente cordiale was cemented still further yesterday when fifty gentlemen of the Society of Laundry Proprietors in Paris arrived at Victoria in time to breakfast as the guests of the Launderers' Association.

Scarcely waiting even to taste food, however, the "blanchisseurs" dashed off in brakes to visit laundries in London and the suburbs.

The Palace Laundry, Fulham, where lunch was taken, was decked with flags, and the laundry girls were wearing rosettes of red, white, and blue.

One of the girls explained the mysteries of her art to a group of attentive Frenchmen by means of the deaf and dumb language, for she could not speak a word of French.

Right heartily did the English girls cheer the gallant "blanchisseurs," as they drove off amidst cries of "Come again!" and "A Paris!"

HONOURS FOR BRITISH ADMIRALS

Among the appointments to the Royal Victorian Order announced last night appear the names of Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson and Admiral Sir Archibald Lucius Douglas, G.C.V.O., and Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur W. Moore, G.C.V.O.

CAKE-WALK CORDIALE

French Bluejackets Spend Another
Merry Day at Portsmouth.

CRICKET AND DANCING.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Friday Evening.—I have been deprived of Henri's company to-day. When I went round for him this morning I found him doing sentry duty at the shore end of a gangway.

"Ah, I cannot come; I am desolated," he said. Henri speaks excellent English. "I am on ship this day. It is well. Your hospitality is decimating. Two days together—they would kill us."

Failing Henri I have been to Whale Island with a party of officers, where we have been instructively amused. Directly we arrived a number of blue-jackets formed themselves into the words, "Vive la France" on the side of a bank. The living set-piece was immensely popular.

"TILE SHOOTING."

Then we proceeded to see some naval gun-shooting. A 12-pounder gun was chosen. There was a second's smart drill, and then an anxious suspense. We expected a report. A miss-fire—rather annoying under the circumstances. Awkward smiles and apologies unlimited. Another cartridge proved equally useless.

By this time Whale Island was feeling horribly humiliated. A hurried adjustment of the electric wires followed, and then our reputations were retrieved by six bull's-eyes in succession. Whale Island smiled.

From the big gun batteries we went on to see an exhibition of the latest game as played at Whale Island. It is known as "tile shooting." Two teams of five men each compete. They run 100 yards, and then fire at a row of small tiles placed on stakes 200 yards away. Directly one team breaks a tile one of the opposing team has to stop firing, and so on till one team or the other is placed hors de combat. It is a great game, and from what I heard it will be introduced into the French navy directly the French officers, who saw it to-day, get back home.

From tile-shooting we went to lunch and friendly speeches, while the cheers of 500 French and English sailors who were being entertained in another quarter of the buildings drifted across to us.

* FRENCH CRICKET.

The lunch was a great success, but the afternoon a greater. A cricket match had been chosen for the afternoon's amusement, but the great fun was teaching the French officers to play at the nets. They have promised faithfully to bring a team next time they come. As for the men, they found dancing more fun. They started with waltzing, but soon gave up in favour of the cake-walk.

In Portsmouth itself the fraternising has gone on as it did yesterday.

The most amusing sight I have seen to-day was a huge English blue-jacket—he must have been 6ft. 3in. high—playing the "Marseillaise" on a concertina, while three small French sailors, none of them more than 5ft. 4in., hung on to him, all singing and all waving Union Jacks.

At the least we have taught our visitors to sing "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne" and to shout "Hurrah!" and they have taught us the "Marseillaise."

But these are only the outward signs. As one of the French officers said to me at Whale Island, "We always knew we ought to be friends. Brest and our welcome have taught us that we really are."

HALF-HOUR SIEGE.

Armed Bandits' Feroocious Attack on a
Fortified Cafe.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Last night a gang of armed hoodlums invaded the Clamart Woods, on the delightful heights above the Seine, a few miles west of Paris.

It is a popular resort on fine evenings of well-to-do Parisians, and the bandits robbed a score under threats of death.

They then approached a café in the woods, which the landlady, with his wife and other persons who had taken refuge there, hastily barricaded.

A fierce fusillade with revolvers was opened by the ruffians. The landlady was wounded at the first volley, but his wife and the rest, including several ladies, returned the fire with shot-guns and revolvers.

It was half an hour before gendarmes tardily arrived and dispersed the robbers. All dangerous criminals, only four were captured after having been wounded.

MORE ALPINE FATALITIES.

Lieutenant Sorn, of the Chasseurs, stationed at Dozen Fell, was killed, says a Reuter's Innsbruck telegram, whilst climbing in the Kaisergerbige yesterday.

JAPAN'S TERMS TO RUSSIA.

Heavy Demands, but a Basis of
Agreement Probable.

DISGUISED "INDEMNITY."

It is expected that Russia's answer to Japan's peace terms will be handed to the Japanese representatives at Portsmouth, U.S.A., to-day.

It is reported, says the Central News, that the Japanese demands include an indemnity, the cession of Saghalien, the evacuation of Manchuria, Japanese control of the railway from Harbin to Port Arthur, the cession of Port Arthur and the whole of the Liaoting Peninsula to Japan, payment to Japan for the care of the Russian prisoners, and the recognition of Japan's ownership of the captured and interned Russian warships.

It is also stated that the Japanese would require further concessions for omission of the word "indemnity" in the peace treaty.

These terms, says Reuter, are unacceptable to the Russians, but Baron Komura's friendly manner of explaining the conditions before handing them to M. Witte and the avoidance of the word "indemnity," leave the way open for a continuance of the negotiations and constitute the main hope of an agreement being possible.

No matter what may be the ultimate result, the danger of a sudden rupture is certainly precluded by the latest developments, although the Russians regard the proposals as being extremely harsh.

The New York "World" states that the Russian plenipotentiaries, after receiving the Japanese peace terms, before transmitting them to St. Petersburg sent cablegrams to Messrs Rothschild in Paris and to a banking house at Antwerp.

"That Russia," remarks the "Tribune," "is not only prepared to pay a reasonable indemnity, but has already taken steps towards raising the necessary amount since learning the terms, may be asserted with authority."

Meanwhile, the Russian plenipotentiaries are anxiously awaiting instructions from the Tsar who is now considering Japan's terms.

HIS MAJESTY'S "CURE."

Visit to Marienbad and Prospective Meeting
with the Austrian Emperor.

With the departure of the King and Queen on the royal yacht yesterday the Cowes season practically came to an end.

According to present arrangements his Majesty will leave Charing Cross on Monday, en route to Marienbad, where he will be met by Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador in Vienna.

It is believed in Vienna that the King will visit the Austrian Emperor at Ischl next Wednesday.

The Queen and Princess Victoria will go to Balmoral on Wednesday, and it is expected that the Prince of Wales will proceed to Scotland towards the end of the week.

FOR THE WOUNDED.

Sweeping Changes Made in the Army Medical
Service.

Important increases in the Army medical staff have been made by the Reorganisation Committee appointed as the result of the Royal Commission on the care of the sick and wounded.

There are 125 more medical officers and 1216 more quartermasters, warrant officers, and men.

The rates of pay have been improved, and officers who distinguish themselves in selected subjects will rank as specialists, with extra pay.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. A. Waterhouse, R.A., says the latest report, is very weak, and his condition gives his family much anxiety.

At the hotels in New Orleans an arsenic pill is given away with each drink in order to prevent the spread of yellow fever.

The Bishop of Manchester has indicated to all clergy and churchwardens in the diocese a special prayer he wishes offered in connection with the cotton crisis.

Sir Mortimer Durand is laid up at Lennox, says a Washington telegram, suffering from a bad knee due to an injury received whilst playing cricket a year ago.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Gusty south-westerly wind; changeable, fair to showery; mild.

Lighting-up time, 8.37 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.

PARLIAMENT

PROROGUED.

Emotional, Close to a Much-Criticised Session.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

was really on Wednesday that Parliament ended its labours, but yesterday the ceremonial of the end of the session was recognised with a tiny which was worthy of the Mother of Parliaments.

The Speaker, bewigged and begowned, silently in his chair in the Commons. Fifty members, of them in travelling attire, occupied the drab benches.

Alexander Acland-Hood, his weather-beaten features wreathed in happiness that the session had safely closed, shared the Treasury Bench with William Walrod, Mr. Victor Cavendish, Viscount Valentia, and Mr. Fellowes. Sir Walter was the solitary occupant of the Front Opposition Bench.

At twenty minutes to eleven Admiral Sir H. Benson, in the gorgeous uniform of a British Admiral, and carrying the wand of his office in hand, his cocked hat in the other, came to the with the stately tread.

the Lords.

At his invitation the assembled Commons, headed by the Speaker, followed Black Rod to the higher aisle.

The Lords had met at half-past ten to hear the Royal Assent given by commission to the thirty-five Bills passed during the session, and to listen to the King's Speech read by the Lord Chancellor. The Speaker stood humbly in the gilded chamber, while the concluding ceremonial was performed. There was the recital of long and formidable parchments; there was the reading of the King's Speech, "signed by his own hand," proving Parliament's assent, and there was profuse raising of hats and bowing.

His Majesty's speech announced that his relations with other Powers continued to be friendly, and with pleasure to the visit of the King of Italy and the peace conference between Russia and Japan, and dealt with other affairs of foreign policy.

Another significant passage was the following:—The dissolution of the Union between Sweden and Norway is apparently imminent. I am confident that by the exercise of wise consideration on each side a settlement will be arrived at acceptable to both countries, and of such a nature as to enable my Government to maintain with the people of the Scandinavian Peninsula the same friendly relations which have prevailed in the past.

Away with That Bauble."

Then the faithful Commons trooped back to their own quarters, the Sergeant-at-Arms meantime going off with the Mace to put it away in its hiding-place till Parliament meets again.

Standing at the table usually occupied by the Clerk the Speaker read the Speech, which his Majesty had been "graciously pleased to address the Legislature."

Afterwards the members, headed by Sir Alexander Acland-Hood (Viscount Valentia), the youngest member, bringing up the rear), filed by the Chair, shook hands with the Speaker, gathered their hats, and went away. All was over.

Only two measures of first-class importance have been carried this session—the Aliens Bill and the unemployed Bill.

The Bills to amend the Workmen's Compensation Acts, to reform the education system of Scotland, to prevent the adulteration of butter, to consolidate the Naval Prize Acts, and to amend the law with regard to cases stated for the Court of Crown Cases Reserved have all been abandoned.

"TWO-BILL SESSION."

Caustic Comments on the Net Result of a Long and Anxious Session.

Naturally the Liberal papers say the session has been wasted. The striking thing is that the ministerial papers are equally severe. Appended is a selection from them.

A record of futile debates and disappointing achievements.—"Times."

A melancholy demonstration of the need there is for a reinvigoration of both parties by an appeal to the constituencies.—"Morning Post."

One of the least productive in the history of the British Parliament—with only two measures of the first importance to show as its result.—"Daily Mail."

Chequered, but otherwise undistinguished.—"Standard."

It will be known as the Two-Bill session, as only two measures of any weight have been carried.—"Express."

The Cabinet met at the Foreign Office yesterday, and is expected to reassemble in a few days.

"GAIETY" MORALS.

Mr. Stead's Characteristic Attack on "The Spring Chicken."

"The Spring Chicken," at the Gaiety Theatre, has come under the lash of Mr. W. T. Stead in the "Review of Reviews."

"It is a disagreeable thing," he writes, "to have to describe in plain English for the ordinary reader the kind of thing that I saw at the Gaiety."

"When I left the theatre I was appalled to think that such a performance can be applauded nightly by thousands of well-dressed English people without a word of protest from the Press. But the fact stares one in the face."

"The play is no doubt an adaptation from the French, but not even the lax and indifferent society of Paris would allow such a play to be performed before a theatre half-full of young girls. The jeune fille in Paris does not haunt the Palais Royal. Her English sister has the free run of the Gaiety."

"How comes it that this prudish, proper, virtuous English society has not a word to say in condemnation of this pestilent and pestiferous farago of filth?"

"The whole thing is evil to the last degree. Everyone is pawing with vice, hinting at it, grinning at it. The period of filth is to be false to his wife."

"It is the morals of the Cities of the Plain served up in the Strand for the delectation of the most moral, the most virtuous community in the world."

BATHING TENT DISPUTE.

Demand for Rents at Westcliff Vigorously Resisted by the Owners.

Lively scenes are expected at Westcliff when the notices served on owners of bathing tents demanding a rental of 5s. a month are enforced.

One or two owners have complied with the request, but the remainder, including prominent residents, refuse to pay what they consider an excessive charge for a privilege hitherto enjoyed without restriction. The period of notice has expired, but so far there are no signs of any move on the part of the authorities.

The delay is said to be due to the pressure of work in Bank Holiday week.

FIENDISH TORTURES.

"Spitted" Chinese and "Ironed" Them with Red-Hot Irons.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—M. Liegeot, a French resident magistrate at Tonquin, who has just committed suicide, appears to have been guilty of the most horrible form of tortures.

When examining Mongols he had the unfortunate witness bound to a stake till his head dropped on the point of an upward turned bayonet, which was driven through his brain if he failed to answer questions.

"Spitting the Chinese" was Liegeot's description of this form of amusement.

Another form of this fiend's atrocities was to bind a native down to a table and iron him with a red-hot iron, remarking that the Chinese were born laundymen, it was only fair to teach them what the operation felt like.

BOY BURIED ALIVE.

Has To Be Rescued from Superstitious Father by Force of Arms.

Emilio Conti, of Florence, grew tired of consulting doctors with reference to his son, a helpless idiot, fifteen years old, so he went to a magician.

"Bury the boy," said the sorcerer, "so that only his head remains above ground, and keep him there for seven hours." This was done. "No, no!" Conti exclaimed, when asked to take his son out. "It is for his good. You will see him become well and strong."

The lad was buried until a doctor, bringing up a band of Carabineers, forcibly rescued him.

Conti, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," has just been arrested, but is convinced that only the doctor prevented his boy being cured.

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Two thieves called at the house of a Mme. Brainer yesterday and informed her that they were employed by the Assistance Publique to disinfect bed-linen and mattresses.

The good lady told the men to take what they wanted, which they did, saying that everything should be returned at four that afternoon.

Late in the evening Mme. Brainer realised that she had been the victim of a trick.

CITY OF SAND.

Great Success of Castle-Building Competition at Ramsgate.

MARGATE TO-DAY.

Never has there been such a wonderful array of castles as that seen on the beach at Ramsgate yesterday.

Never have children worked so hard or so happily as did the little ones striving in the *Daily Mirror* castle-building competition. The thousands of interested grown-ups who deserted the pierrots and other attractions to watch the castle-building were delighted. Everyone—the mayor and mayoress, the children and parents, even the temporarily deserted pierrots—voted the latest holiday competition a huge success.

By the courtesy of the authorities a wide stretch of sand had been roped off near the Marina. In the centre was the *Daily Mirror* flag, and ranged round it were the hundred and fifty competitors, each individual and group having a space twenty-five feet square marked off for their building.

Directly the word was given the little ones started work with the utmost enthusiasm. Spades were piled furiously, and scores of castles rose as if by magic. The sun shone brightly all the afternoon and made the buildings look as if they were built of gold, but the heat of his rays caused no competitors to slacken their efforts.

Castles and forts of all shapes and sizes rose in every direction. The story of the fairy city that was built in a night was put to shame by the little holiday-makers.

Forts with Guns and Moats.

There were forts, with guns and moats, castellated towers, and castles of more marvellous shapes than any ever built in Spain. Fit some of them looked for the habitation of fairy princesses.

The builders worked with desperate energy, anxiously eyeing their rivals, and several structures were not completed at the call of time.

Mr. Dowling, the Mayor of Ramsgate, was assisted by Miss Dowling in judging, and the prizes of £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. were presented by Miss Dowling under the shadow of the *Daily Mirror* flag.

The prize-winners were:—

First, Mabel and Phillip Jeffcoat, 19, George-street, Ramsgate.

Second, Maude Ross and Basil and Alwyn Curry, 2, Wellington-street, Ramsgate.

Third, Gladys Mathew, 1, Queen-street, and Emanuel Cohn, Augusta-road, Ramsgate.

The second competition takes place to-day at Margate, and will be on the sands opposite Royal-crescent, and will commence at two o'clock, finishing at five. Anyone under twenty-one years of age may enter, the only condition being that each competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

The prizes will be £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. The Deputy-Mayor of Margate, Mr. Hermitage, and one or two other gentlemen will act as judges. Don't forget two o'clock opposite the Royal-crescent.

Arrangements are being made to hold a similar sand-castle competition at Broadstairs on Monday.

IDOL OF THE GHETTO.

Mrs. Stokes, the Millionaire's Wife, Remembers the Friends of Her Youth.

Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, the former Ghetto girl, who has married a New York millionaire, has left a substantial remembrance of her recent visit to the East End.

The bride's uncle, a Jewish bootmaker, at 7, Chamberd-street, yesterday received word from his niece that he was to sail for New York next week. Mrs. Levine will go to a social settlement in which Mrs. Stokes is interested, and there take up a responsible position.

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes left yesterday for Paris. After a few months in France and Switzerland, they will return to New York to take up their work of bettering the conditions in the slums.

TOO MUCH MELODY.

When Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, rose to speak at a Llandrindod prayer-meeting, someone commenced a hymn, and would not desist.

"Brother," remonstrated the preacher, "perhaps you have been moved by the Spirit to sing, but I have been moved by the Spirit to speak, and I want to speak." The vocalist ceased, but another succeeded, and Evan Roberts, smiling, left the meeting.

HOME SECRETARY SAYS "NO."

Fined £2 for street betting and obstruction at Woolwich, Terry Hopper, an Arsenal employee, appealed the quarter sessions on the ground that the case was one of mistaken identity. The Home Secretary yesterday notified in Parliamentary papers that he could not interfere.

STOPPED BY THE CLOCK.

Wedding Ceremony Interrupted by the Chimes and Perforce Postponed.

Weddings must be added to the other things for which Time refuses to stay its pitiless hand, as a bride and bridegroom at Chelmsford have just found to their sorrow.

The auspicious event was to be celebrated at St. Mary's Church, and the hour was fixed for 2.30.

This only-allowed half an hour for the ceremony, since a wedding cannot be legalised after 3 p.m.; and, alas! the bridegroom's train was late. The clergyman read the exhortation, and had just put the usual question to the bridegroom, who had answered, "I will," when the church clock began to chime the hour of three.

Fortwith the clergyman announced that he could not go on with the service. The bridal party, the bridesmaids, and the visitors felt cast down at this announcement, but good-humouredly accepted the inevitable.

They arrived in good time yesterday for the postponed ceremony.

"PANAMA" FOR TWOPENCE.

But Thirty Shillings Is Still the Price for a Good Grass Hat.

Twopence was paid the other day for a good Panama hat by a labourer at a rummage sale. It was afterwards valued at 46s.

A dealer told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that Panama hats are not so popular this year, but that they have not fallen to twopence yet.

"Good hats cost as much as ever. But the fact is they are costly to clean and take a long time in the process."

"Not long ago an assortment of Panamas found purchasers at Christie's at 450 a piece. We have also several authentic cases of hats being sold at 450 and upwards."

"South American grandees rarely pay less than 430 for a Panama."

FEMALE MONK.

Murderess Makes Monastery Famous by Her Virtuous and Ascetic Life.

For many years pilgrims have been attracted to the monastery of Tzaidacan in Hungary, by the singular virtues and ascetic life of the venerable Father Basile Popovitch, who has just died on reaching his ninetieth year.

On preparing the body for interment, it has been discovered that the famous monk was a woman.

She came as a suppliant to the monastery some thirty years ago, just after the mysterious disappearance in the district of a woman who had murdered her husband and children; and it is now thought, says the "Tatler," that "Father Basile" was the murderess.

FELL TWENTY FEET.

Crippled Murderer, Unable To Escape, Takes His Life To Avoid Arrest.

PRAGUE, Thursday.—A daring burglary at the Industrial and Commercial Museum here has ended in the death of a night-watchman and the suicide of the burglar.

The criminal had hidden himself in the building before it closed, and on his coming out from his hiding-place he was attacked by the night-watchman. After a terrible struggle, the watchman was killed, and the burglar, cutting open some glass cases with a diamond, tried to get away with the booty.

He tied blind cords together to lower himself from a window, but the cords broke, and he fell over twenty feet, breaking several ribs and injuring one of his feet.

Too crippled to escape, he dragged himself into an outhouse and hanged himself.

PACIFIC CABLE'S SUCCESS.

Messages over the Eastern and Pacific cable routes show an increase of 147,863 for 1904 over the total of the preceding year, according to a White-paper issued yesterday.

"The Pacific cable being the first enterprise of the kind undertaken by a number of British Governments in partnership," measures are advocated for its successful continuance.

FOOLHARDY FEAT.

For a shilling a hawk named Henry Arnold would frequently ride a bicycle at a terrific pace down a steep slope into a large pond of water in a field near Oswestry (Salop). As the machine entered the water he used to dive forward and swim to the side. In this way he hurt his foot and has since died from lockjaw.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER'S HEAVY LOSSES.

Famous Actress Tells the Tale of
Her Unlucky Stage Ventures.

EARNED \$5,000 A YEAR.

The usually prosaic precincts of the London Bankruptcy Court gained the brightness of interest from the fact that the affairs of Mrs. Brown-Potter, the popular actress, were under consideration.

It seemed ironical that such an affirmed favourite of the public should have thought it necessary to file her petition, but such is the fact, and she has been adjudged bankrupt.

According to the famous actress's statement, she first appeared in London about sixteen years ago. Since then she has acted in almost every part of the world.

The Official Receiver stated that she took a lease of the Savoy Theatre in 1904 at a weekly rental of £205. To produce "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Forget-me-not," and "Paggiacci," she instructed Mr. Fossick, of Maidenhead, to procure a mortgage for £10,000 on her freehold estate, "Bray Lodge," Maidenhead, and adjoining properties, for which, it is stated, she refused an offer of £22,000.

None of the plays mentioned were successes, and she lost £5,000. Mr. Fossick then told her that clients of his were prepared to produce "Du Bari," if she would play in it. This was done, and Mrs. Brown-Potter had to pledge her jewellery and give a bill of sale on her furniture in order to pay salaries.

It was then that she discovered that Mr. Fossick had not procured the mortgage previously referred to or paid off the first charge.

Bankers' Claim.

The bankers, however, claimed that their loan on the property had been increased to £10,000, and she found that three separate mortgages of £1,000 each had been effected at 10 per cent. through Mr. Fossick's London agents, which mortgages had been represented to her as preliminary to raising the loan.

Mrs. Brown-Potter added that since the closing of the Savoy Theatre she had been employed on the London stage at a salary which, after deduction of payments for royalties, music, and artists, amounted to £204 a week, but the engagement was only a temporary one. She attributed her failure to losses on stage productions at the Savoy and to her having provided moneys to meet engagements entered into by Mr. Fossick.

Her statement of affairs showed liabilities of £24,052 15s., out of which £4,528 12s. was expected to rank, and an estimated surplus in assets of £6,699 4s. 6d.

With regard to the contingent liabilities amounting to £8,959 12s. 5d., Mrs. Brown-Potter said that they arose in connection with the production of "Du Bari." She denied that she was liable for any of those claims, except for rent, £1,800, for which she stated "I am technically responsible, as I signed the lease."

In reply to Mr. Egerton Grey, Official Receiver, Mrs. Brown-Potter stated her most successful season was in 1897, when she made about £9,000 in Australia. She estimated that for some years her income had amounted to about £5,000 per annum.

Confidence Misplaced.

In 1901, having accumulated a large sum of money, she bought some houses and land at Maidenhead at a cost of £18,000.

It was her intention not to lose more than £5,000 in connection with the Savoy, but she continued to perform at the Savoy, upon the representation that Mr. Fossick had clients who would back her to the extent of £10,000. She was to have £100 a week for playing, and she considered that her responsibility in connection with the theatre ceased at February last. It seemed, however, that the lease was rented in her name, and she was not aware of it at the time. She had entire confidence in Mr. Fossick, and it seemed that she had signed papers which he placed before her without knowing the effect of them.

From what had since transpired she found that her confidences in Fossick had been misplaced, and he was recently sentenced to two years' penal servitude upon a charge preferred by the vicar of Bray for misappropriating trust funds. She found to her surprise that the bank overdraft had increased from £5,000 to £10,300.

MILLIONAIRE'S SIMPLE WILL.

Mr. William Severin Saling, of Heath End, Ascot, and Berkeley-square, left a great estate and a simple will.

He died worth £991,324, and the Budget will benefit by considerably more than £70,000 in duty. "I give all my property of whatsoever kind," he testified wrote, "to my wife." By a codicil he left £25,000 in trust for his daughter, Lady Binning.

3,000 PLAINTIFFS.

Tobaccoists Win Case Involving
Over £2,000,000.

The tobacco war arrogated to itself a new phase in the Law Courts yesterday, when Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence delivered judgment in the claim against Messrs. Ogden.

The claim is said to concern 3,000 retail tobaccoists, and the interests involved are said to be valued at £2,200,000.

It will be remembered that during the great conflict for supremacy in the tobacco trade, Messrs. Ogden offered tobaccoists a bonus of £200,000 a year for four years and a share in the entire net profits made during the same period in the United Kingdom.

After the first quarterly distribution of bonuses had been made, Messrs. Ogden sold their business to the Imperial Tobacco Company, and the liquidator sent the tobaccoists a further cheque, with the intimation that it was the second and "final" bonus distribution.

The receipt on the back of the cheque was similarly worded, and it was contended by Messrs. Ogden that the tobaccoists who accepted the cheque and signed the receipt had waived all further claims against the company.

His Lordship, however, found for the tobaccoists, and in announcing his decision said that the receipt of a cheque for a debt admittedly due could not in itself be evidence of its receipt in respect of claims not in debate.

To treat the temporary possession of the cheque as consideration for the release of the claims, in the absence of express words agreeing to so treat it, seemed to him to be trifling with a business transaction.

There was, therefore, no judgment for plaintiffs on the points raised, with costs. A stay of execution was granted.

"SHOCKINGLY DEFICIENT."

Farmer Heavily Fined for Supplying a Dairy
with What "Was Not Milk at All."

Samples of milk supplied by William Wright, a Derbyshire farmer, to the Ravenscroft Park Dairy were found to be deficient in fat to the extent of 40 per cent.

Summoned at West London yesterday at the instance of the Hammersmith Borough Council, Wright said he spent £2 to £3 a week in feeding the cows on corn.

It was absurd to suppose that he would tamper with the milk for the sake of a few pence.

The magistrate described the milk as "shockingly deficient"—in fact, it was not milk at all. He fined defendant £20 and costs.

HEROISM OF LOVE.

Thrown Into Deep Water, a Mother Keeps
Her Two Children Afloat till Rescued.

Thrown into deep water through a boat upsetting, a mother heroically saved the lives of her two children near Tilbury.

Two engineers of the Glasgow steamer Onyx, together with the boatswain, his wife and two children, went for an excursion in a boat, and grappled on to a barge which was making for the shore.

Through the barge fouling a buoy the boat was capsized and the party were thrown into the water. They remained struggling there for some seven or eight minutes, during which time Mrs. Garner, the wife of the boatswain, although in imminent danger of drowning, kept her two children afloat.

All were rescued by the crew of the tug Dominion, Mr. Garner being dragged insensible from the water.

MISSING MR. SMITHERS.

After months of fruitless searching legal notices of the "presumed deceased" of Mr. Bartholomew Drummond Smithers, late of Stanford-road, Brighton, have been issued.

Mr. Smithers was a stout gentleman nearly seventy years of age, and mysteriously disappeared from his home on April 20, 1904, since when he has not been heard of.

HOPEFUL AT NINETY.

"I am glad to see you are so alert at your age, and I hope you will live for many years yet," said the Islington coroner to a witness aged ninety.

"Thank you, sir," she replied smiling. "I mean to live to be a hundred, and I'll be as alert then."

Christopher Harrison, junior cashier of the Constitutional Club, was remanded at Bow-street yesterday charged with stealing £45 belonging to the club.

AUTOMATIC MEALS:

Trios of Mechanical Restaurants To
Be Built in London.

NO WAITERS AT ALL.

So great has been the success of automatic restaurants in European cities that the penny-in-the-slot refreshment-room is to go into active competition with the ordinary restaurants in London.

A catering company is now arranging to open three automatic cafés in the fashionable shopping districts. When these are established the system will be extended rapidly to other quarters.

The diner in a penny-in-the-slot restaurant is confronted by a long row of machines in which the viands are temptingly displayed behind plate-glass.

Three pennies dropped in the first slot will bring about a rattle of machinery and a steaming bowl of soup appears at the opening at the bottom of the machine.

Beating Ordinary Restaurants.

A most complicated device will serve cuts from the joint with vegetables. Passing to another machine a chop could be obtained for 6d. An ice would come to 3d., and café noir with a cigarette would be supplied by the last machine in the row.

The only penny-in-the-slot refreshment-room at present in London is the automatic buffet in Victoria Embankment gardens, but the automatic restaurants have spread so rapidly in Berlin that the Minister of the Interior has been petitioned by the ordinary restaurant-keepers to check their penny-in-the-slot rivals. The Minister, however, found that he could not discriminate between the ordinary and the mechanical restaurant.

The exceptional cheapness of the penny-in-the-slot food is, of course, due to the fact that no waiters are hired, and unless a machine is devised which will look expectantly for a tip the automatic restaurants will probably be well patronised.

LANDLORD'S RISKS.

Can He Be Held Responsible for Lodger's
Goods in the Latter's Absence.

The Master of the Rolls yesterday ordered a new trial in a case which should be of interest to holiday-makers.

Mr. Scarborough and his wife sued Mrs. Cosgrove, of a hotel in Lancaster Gate, Bayswater, for the value of jewels stolen from them whilst they were staying with Mrs. Cosgrove, but the defence was raised that it was no duty on the part of a lodginghouse-keeper to take care of a lodger's goods.

Mr. Justice Darling non-suited the plaintiffs, but the Master of the Rolls, giving judgment on yesterday's appeal, said he thought the evidence raised a question for the consideration of the jury as to whether there was a failure of reasonable care on the part of the lodginghouse-keeper to which the loss was attributable.

He therefore ordered a new trial.

DOCTOR SENT TO PRISON.

Medical Man and His Wife Reduced by Poverty
to Stealing Wood.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—The terrible privations of professional people in this city have been pathetically illustrated by the case of Dr. B— and his wife.

From some buildings being erected by a man named Koch a small quantity of wood disappeared each night. A watch was set, and then a man was seen to walk away with as much wood as he could hide under his coat. A woman followed him and took all she could pack under her jacket.

The couple were arrested, and it was then found that they were a doctor and his wife, who looked half-starved, and were too poor to purchase cooked food, or fuel to cook the scanty provisions they had. The doctor said he had long waited in vain for patients who would pay.

He was sentenced to a week's imprisonment, and his wife to two days.

TELL-TALE BLOTTING-PAD.

Mr. Albert Hellyer, a Newington solicitor, happened to glance at the blotting-paper in his wife's room, and was astounded to find imprinted upon it words from impassioned letters to another man.

He yesterday obtained a decree nisi in the Divorce Court.

INFANT HUSBAND'S DIGNITY.

Still in his teens, James Harrison, a stonemason's apprentice, was summoned for wife desertion at Preston yesterday.

One day Harrison handed over his wife's wages, amounting to 10s., and when his wife asked for overtime he deserted her. The case was adjourned.

DREADED THE "UNION."

Poor Old Fellow Who Deliberately
Chose Death by Starvation.

Then how long was it before his death that he had food?—Three days.

This was the dialogue which took place yesterday between the Southwark coroner and the sister of John Allen, an aged packing-case maker, who died at King's-court, Great Suffolk-street.

The case was a very pathetic one. The poor woman said she had no food for several days, and told the coroner she could not go to the relieving officer.

"Could you not," queried the coroner, "get anything from the neighbours?" "I could not ask," replied the woman.

A Bible-woman who visited the couple found them in a terrible state, and advised them to go to the workhouse.

They refused, saying they would rather die of hunger at home than go there.

The jury decided that death was due to cerebral hemorrhage, and advised the bereaved sister to go to the infirmary, where she would be well looked after.

PRACTICAL PRIMATE.

Archbishop of Canterbury Strongly in Favour
of Over-Bridge Tramway Scheme.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed the strongest approval of the scheme for bringing the tramways over Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges.

In a letter written to a correspondent his Grace's private secretary says:—

The Archbishop was unable to be in the House of Lords on the evening when the subject was discussed, owing to an important public engagement in his diocese.

Had he been there he would unhesitatingly have supported the Bill, and if it comes again before the House of Lords he fully hopes to be able, from his personal experience of South London and its needs, to advocate by speech, as well as vote, the suggested extension of tramway facilities.

UNDERGROUND ALIENS.

English Rats Exterminated by Hordes of
Fierce Invaders.

Underground London has suffered as much from the results of alien invasion as the East End itself.

"Not many years ago," said a London rat-catcher to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "the English black rat was master of all the sewers he surveyed, and stores of London provision dealers were his preserves."

"But the Norwegian rat, a brownish-grey variety somewhat larger than the English, came across in timber ships and fought the home-bred rodent. The foreigner won, for he was much more fierce than the English rat."

"After him came the Canadian rat, which used vessels laden with wheat as a means of invading England."

"The invader himself then became invaded, for the Canadian rat attacked the rodent from Norway. The Canadian rat is everywhere proving victorious, and it looks as if the Norwegian rat will soon be as rare as the English rat, whom he defeated."

RAILWAYS SHUNNED.

Great Northern Carries Fewer Passengers
Through Tramway Competition.

Electric tramway competition has left its mark on the passenger traffic of the Great Northern Railway, said Lord Allerton at a meeting of the company yesterday.

In Yorkshire during the past half-year 350,000 fewer passengers were carried by train, and in London, in the neighbourhood of Wood Green, Finsbury Park, and Hornsey, the falling-off in passengers amounted to 150,000 owing to new tramways.

Taking the whole of their London service, however, there was an increase, but on this the company had lost money owing to the extended train service and lower fares.

There were many signs that trade depression was passing away, and the Lancashire goods traffic was exceptionally good.

LEGAL MILL GRINDS QUICKLY.

Before the Court of Appeal rose for the Long Vacation yesterday, the Master of the Rolls said that all cases in the list at the beginning of the sittings and others entered for trial had been disposed of.

The cases untried were fewer than at this corresponding period last year.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Lucky and Unlucky Women Give
Their Experiences of Marriage.

STAY-AT-HOME HUSBANDS

A further selection from the piles of letters which are poured in by the postman at all hours.

LEARN BY EXPERIENCE.

Some wives expect their husbands to spend every spare moment with them. They should let them go out sometimes by themselves. When they returned home and found all cosy, they would think twice before staying away from home again.

M. S.

HAPPY HUSBANDS NEED FEW FRIENDS.

As a married man, it often occurs to me how indifferent and thoughtless men really are. I have been married seven years, and I am happy to say I appreciate all my dear wife has done under very trying times of illness and depression of trade.

My great joy is to be with her on Saturdays and Sundays, and so give her as much of my spare time as possible.

Men who love their homes need few friends.

HOPEFUL.

NOT SACRIFICED TO HOUSEKEEPING.

I should say that the present-day wife is decidedly more sensible than the wife of thirty-five years ago. Naturally she requires a little recreation after the daily routine of household affairs instead of knitting stockings until she is blind.

Some men seem to think because they marry a girl that she ought to be perfectly contented to have a house of her own and to stay indoors always till he arrives home from his business.

I am fond of my household duties, and I should be most miserable if I neglected them in any way, but I do not give up my whole life to them.

YOUNG WIFE.

BETTER THAN GREAT RICHES.

Scarcely could anything be more of a paradox than the letter by "A Wife" under the head of "Ministering Angels."

The question is, Why should a woman strive and yet not complain? The reply, though not meant as such, very aptly follows, that the man who possesses such a wife calls her a ministering angel. Surely the woman who earns the title of a ministering angel is of all the most successful.

If instead of the title she were rewarded by wealth for her labours and trials, I am inclined to think "A Wife" would never have asked the question.

Yet the proverb still holds good which tells us "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

A wife who strives after a good name is "no hindrance to any."

ANTI-MISOGYNIST.

Bigin-street, Dover.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

I, with "Deserted Wife," can testify to the selfishness of the beings we marry imagining they are men.

After four years' married life I was deserted and left with two children and no experience of earning a living.

Through entering the nursing profession I was enabled to keep a home for my children for five years. At the end of the period I obtained a divorce.

Now my husband can remember all my good qualities and desires to return, standing between me and a man who would fain marry me.

My work takes me into many homes, and I see many wives suffering daily through the thoughtless selfishness of their husbands, with only here and there a man worthy his name, helping us to keep our faith in God's greatest gift—"Manhood."

WIFE ONLY IN NAME.

ONE OF THE LUCKY WOMEN.

All men should not be classed as selfish. I suppose I have a husband in a thousand, but certainly he is most unselfish. He has never found his wife a hindrance yet, and we have been married eleven years.

On his return home in the evening from his office he greets me with the usual smile and kiss. No matter how tired he is, he never shows it, and there is often a little present waiting for me, although he is not a rich man, and I notice, never buys much for himself.

I never hear an angry word, and we go to places of amusement together, for he is quite happy with his wife's company.

He was asked to spend his holiday this year with a friend of his in the office, but he says it would be no holiday away from me, and I know it only too well. He has never been away from me yet. I believe and entirely agree with—"True Love a Remedy."

A HAPPY WIFE.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Stockport policemen appeared in a new role when they acted as guardians of 230 poor children whom they took to Southport for a day at the seaside.

Over forty cases of malaria occurred on the homeward voyage of the West African mail steamer Burutu, which left Plymouth yesterday for Liverpool.

This year the Yarmouth Corporation will derive an income of over £2,000 from the letting of what was formerly waste land on the South Dunes as "pickling plots" for Scottish herring-curers.

In twelve months there were 678 accidents involving temporary disablement allowances totalling £592 at the London and North-Western Company's Crewe works and shops at Carlisle and Rugby.

Joseph Abbs, a tall, well set-up man of thirty-nine, remanded at Willesden yesterday on a charge of stealing a sack of chaff, was personally given into the custody of a policeman in the street by Mrs. Miller, the wife of the prosecutor.

Triplets were recently born to a farm servant's wife at Melksham, Wiltshire, and application was made for the King's bounty. As one child was stillborn the case was not regarded as eligible, but his Majesty has forwarded a cheque for £2 as a charitable donation.

Two miles from Barmouth the 4.47 p.m. train proceeding north for Portmadoc was brought to a standstill by a suddenness that caused consternation amongst the passengers. It was found that a big stone had been placed on the rail, but the wheels of the engine had fortunately crushed it.

Mrs. Kendal, the well-known actress, in a charming little speech which she made at Fife, said she thought the town would look brighter if the fisherwomen could be induced to wear white caps instead of black ones, by which, as it were, they anticipated the pleasures of widowhood.

Because they keep people from the higher duties of worship, and cast a shadow of sorrow on the best day of the week, Sunday funerals are objected to by the vicar of Allhallows (Cumberland). They also lead people, he says, to seek comfort in the poor consolation of a big funeral.

It is announced that the chief bardic prize, the historic Bisteddof chair, has been withheld, as, in the opinion of the adjudicators, none of the competitors have produced an ode of sufficient merit to warrant an award.

Admiral the Hon. George Henry Douglas, of Park-crescent, Regent's Park, who saw service in the first Syrian war and in the Baltic in 1854-5, left estate of the gross value of £24,930.

Captured in the Ouse, a sturgeon was forwarded to Buckingham Palace, but the Comptroller returned it to the sender, stating that his Majesty did not wish to enforce his right.

There will shortly be laid down at Portsmouth two vessels of gigantic proportions embodying the conclusions drawn by the naval experts from the lessons of the Far East.

The Rev. James Augustus Montagu, who died at Sutton Hall, near Southend, in his ninety-sixth year, was for forty years rector of Hawkwell, Essex.

REGENT-STREET BLOCKED FOR WHEELED TRAFFIC.



Apparently under the impression that it can cause no inconvenience, since everyone is out of town, the authorities have rendered Regent-street impassable for wheeled traffic by pulling up for repairs the whole width of the roadway at once, as shown in our photograph.

The hon. secretaries of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London have received the sum of £3,000 from the executors of the late Mr. Thomas John Bell.

An American five-dollar bill, wrapped round the weak ankle of a destitute woman taken to the Mile End Infirmary, was found to have made an excellent bandage.

Efforts are being made to inaugurate the teaching of the construction and driving of motor-cars at the Bradford Technical College, and the city council will be recommended to vote a sum of money for the purpose next Tuesday.

Of eleven samples of ice-cream recently tested at Ashdon (Lancs) only one, it was reported to the Town Council, could be considered good. The sanitary inspector found that in one case the ice-cream was actually made in the dolly-tub in which the weekly washing was done.

Near Sidlow Bridge, Redhill, a motor-car belonging to a Mr. Steven turned completely over whilst travelling at a fair rate of speed, owing to the defective steering gear. The owner and chauffeur escaped with bruises, but Mr. Sharpe, of Redhill, who was one of the party, found himself pinned under the car.

Another famous old tavern near Fleet-street boasting associations with Dickens and Thackeray is blossoming out in modern garb. This is the Blue Last, in Dorset-street, the principal room of which is a sort of kitchen with an old open grate, panelled walls, and a bell-rope suspended from the roof over each table.

At Newcastle, yesterday, the Foresters' High Court appointed a deputation to meet the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades' Union Congress to discuss a proposal that, owing to competition, traders unions having sick and benefit funds should be placed on the same lines as friendly societies under Act of Parliament.

Two spacious class-rooms of the Denaby Main (West Riding) infant school have had their galleries removed by order of the Education Committee. As the teaching must go on some of the children have to find seating accommodation on the metal pipes used for heating the premises in winter.

Replying to Mr. Bryce, M.P., yesterday, Lord Balcarres stated that the annual average cost of maintaining the roadways in Hyde Park is £1,100 per mile, in Regent's Park £300 per mile, and in Richmond Park £50 per mile.

Despite a heavy sea and a strong head wind, a fourteen-year-old Bangor boy named Rigby has just succeeded in swimming the Menai Straits, nearly a mile across, in 33min.

Leeds, with a larger population than Sheffield, last year carried on its electric tramcars about a million fewer passengers, yet earned about £50,000 more revenue.

"He was suffering from 'dolorum trimmings'" said a complainant who, at West Ham, yesterday, charged an old man with assaulting her.

While harvesting at Villa Farm, Wivenhoe (Essex), labourers captured a snake measuring three feet six inches.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Eight Half-Guineas for Hunstanton and
Folkestone—More Prize Winners.

Eight of the residents or visitors at Hunstanton and Folkestone have to-day the opportunity of obtaining half a guinea in exchange for a halfpenny expended in purchasing a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

If they find their photographic reflections in to-day's *Mirror* on page 12, they may have their half-guineas immediately by applying for them.

Four half-guineas go to Hunstanton and four to Folkestone.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in either photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. If you are one of the four persons we have selected half a guinea will be forwarded to you.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

On Monday eight half-guineas go to

CROMER and HASTINGS.

Photographs of holiday crowds at these places will be published, and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group at Cromer and four at Hastings.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at most of the big seaside resorts, including:—

Aberystwyth.	Fleetwood.	Southold.
Bournemouth.	Llragombe.	St. Anne's.
Brighton.	Lowestoft.	Weston.
Clacton.	Morecambe.	super-Mare.
Eastbourne.	Rhyl.	Weymouth.
Penistone.	Seaside.	Worthing.
Fife.	Southsea.	

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competitions at Deal and Cleethorpes, are as follows:—

DEAL.

Master Pal Marquardt, Ship Hotel, Deal.
Mr. L. Scott Boss, Ivy Cottage, Churchpath, Deal.
Miss Hilda Clarke, Malvern Villa, Ranelagh-road, Deal.
Miss Emily Cole, 78, Middle-street, Deal.

CLEETHORPES.

Master Robert Burns, 47, Sea View-street, Cleethorpes.
Miss Lily Ward, 4, Sussex-street, New Cleethorpes.
Mrs. George Harrison, Pale Side, Ossett R.S.O., Yorkshire.
Mr. T. H. Wilson, 72, Woodbank-crescent, Meersbrook, Sheffield.

COMING CANADIAN BOOM.

Stock Exchange Optimistic on Prospects of
Dominion Investments.

CARL COURT, Friday Evening.—There was very little worth noting on the Stock Exchange to-day. It was rather an off-day, with a week-end holiday feeling. And, of course, the nearness of the settlement checked business. In the circumstances, the maintenance of a fairly good tone was noteworthy. It was the mining carry-over day. Rates certainly ruled very light on Kaffirs, but it does nothing to put heart into the market. The once popular Nile Valleys steadied after their recent slump, perhaps because the "bears" were letting them alone. In Westralians people continue to gossip adversely about Great Fingall developments at the lower levels; the usual kind of story in Westralians.

Most interest, of course, was taken in the Grand Trunk dividend. It proved to be fully up to expectations, giving the full dividend on the Second Preference, with a bigger carry-forward, in spite of the increased Guaranteed charges. Naturally Grand Trunks rose, for the market is talking very big just now about Canadian prospects, and is, in fact, giving a filip to Canadian land shares, like Calgary and Edmonton at 48s., and Hudson's Bay. The former had a 2s. interim dividend. The Canadian Pacific had a very good traffic, and, as the American market was kept buoyant by the efforts of the New York wirepullers, Canadian Pacifics had extra assistance, apart from the general optimism about all things Canadian.

Consols simply kept steady. It was singular how little business there was doing in the Consol market. Perhaps it is due to money uncertainties.

In the foreign market Japanese started firm, but closed rather dull. As a whole the market was barely so good, the bourses apparently not taking such an optimistic view of the peace prospects.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST TRAWLING (A. B. C.): Do not subscribe.—CRYSTAL PALACE (S. S.): Doubtful.—RIVER PLATE ELECTRICITY (E. B.): A fair speculative look-up.

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 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
 PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1905

MORE OLLENDORF

CORDIALITY.

J'ENTENDS un bruit, un bruit étrange.
 Quel est le bruit que vous croyez entendre?

C'est un bruit d'acclamations enthousiastes.
 Si c'est dans la rue de la Flotte (Fleet-street)
 que vous entendez ce bruit, je crois que les
 marins français doivent en être la cause.
 Je sens que je vais pousser un cri. (Il le
 pousse.)

Avez-vous le drapeau français?
 Non, mais j'ai flotté les drapeaux de la
 Perse, de la Bulgarie, de l'Espagne, de la Nor-
 vège, et de la Vénézuéla. C'est à peu près la
 même chose.

Qu'est-ce qu'ils ont mangé, les marins fran-
 çais?

Ils ont mangé le rosbif, le pouding d'York-
 shire, les choporsteak, les eggs-and-bacon, les
 sandwiches, le blanc-mante (c'est tout à fait de
 la cuisine française, ça!) et le stewed-plums—
 le tout arrosé de pale ale et de wisky toudy.

Comment se portent-ils, les marins français?
 Ils se portent très mal. Ils demandent tous
 de l'absinthe, une tisane, ou quelque chose
 qui fera fonctionner encore leurs pauvres
 digestions.

A POLICY OF GRAB.

Of all the grabbers who are grabbing the
 money which we find it so hard to earn in these
 days of fierce competition, the worst are the
 public authorities we have created ourselves.

One's letter-box is insulted almost daily by
 the demands of the tax-collector, the rate-col-
 lector, the inhabited house duty collector, and
 the other vampires who prey upon the unfortu-
 nate man who wears a decent hat and the unfor-
 tunate woman who shows any sign of
 possessing an income of her own.

Soon the simplest plan will be to hand over
 all one's earnings and savings to the authori-
 ties, Imperial and local, and to trust to their
 allowing one just enough to keep body and
 soul together.

They are not even content now with the
 ordinary methods of grab. They are be-
 coming as shark-like as a ground landlord, as
 full of mean cunning as a Gentile money-
 lender (who, it is notorious, can generally give
 points to a Hebrew of the same profession).

The income-tax harpies are making an im-
 pudent attempt to descend upon the rent
 people get for their furnished houses in the
 summer time—as if that could be counted as
 income in any fair or reasonable sense of the
 word.

At more than one seaside-place the local
 body is demanding rent for bathing tents
 pitched upon the beach, as if the sea-shore
 belonged to them and not to the nation at
 large. They will put up a barbed-wire netting
 between shore and sea next, and make a charge
 for allowing us to bathe.

Another monstrous example of the demands
 made upon private individuals by public
 authorities is supplied by the history of the
 London Electric Power Scheme, which has
 just died the death. Whether it is a good
 scheme or a bad one, it is shameful that pro-
 moters of a bill should have to spend huge
 sums of money upon Parliamentary forms and
 fiddle-fuddle and have absolutely nothing to
 show for it in the end.

Clearly it pays much better to be employed
 by the grabbers than to be subjected to their
 infamous extortion. That is why the Inland
 Revenue return just issued shows "official
 salaries" to have increased in the last nine
 years from fifty-one millions sterling to eighty-
 six millions!

The end will be that everyone will be a
 grabber or a deputy grabber, and we shall
 exist after the manner of the famous popula-
 tion who lived by taking in one another's
 washing. II.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Love is like the painter, who, being asked to
 draw the picture of a friend having a bluish in
 one eye, would picture only the other side of his
 face.—South.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SOCIETY is now fast leaving Cowes, but
 Lord and Lady Iveagh, Mr. Walter Guin-
 ness, and Lady Evelyn Guinness remain at
 their villa until Wednesday, when they proceed to
 Dublin for the Royal Horse Show. Lord and Lady
 Harrington will stay on with the Dowager Lady
 Harrington a little while longer at Stanhope Lodge,
 and Lady Dorchester will have a further succession
 of guests staying with her at Hamlet Lodge; and,
 of course, Lady Gort and her son, Lord Gort, will
 remain in East Cowes Castle for several more
 weeks.

Bembridge, a pretty little place to the east of
 the Isle of Wight, is now full of people, and several
 well-known members of society have established
 themselves for the summer months. Lord and
 Lady Hertford are once again there, and Lady
 Juliet Duff and Mr. Robin Duff have been there
 for the last fortnight. Sir Charles Campbell and
 some of his sons are sailing about in the pretty
 little redwings—the sailing boats with bright crimson
 sails—and Mr. and Mrs. Ismay are also present.

Mr. James Ismay is one of the heads of the White
 Star Line, and married some years ago Lady

day, and across her shoulders a leopard-skin was
 usually worn as a sort of cape.

Sir Christopher Furness, who is reported to have
 purchased a fleet of six ships from the Neptune
 Company, is the head of one of the most famous
 firms of steamship builders in the world. Methodism
 is somehow or another connected in most people's
 minds with a decent poverty—with a quiet and
 genteel method of taking life. Sir Christopher is
 one of the rare Primitive Methodist millionaires, and
 since he has reached a position of power he has by
 no means forgotten the fact. He has benefited
 innumerable Free Churches by paying their debts,
 and a few years ago gave 5,000 guineas to the
 denominational new century fund.

Like most "self-made" men, Sir Christopher
 has interesting stories to tell about his early days.
 He began commercial life as a traveller for a firm
 of grocers. He called one morning on a large firm
 of provision merchants in Manchester, and asked
 for the senior partner, who looked hard at him and
 said: "What can a young fellow like you know
 about business?" The young fellow merely re-
 plied: "Test me." "What is the value of that?"

THE BIRD THE KAISER WOULD LIKE TO BAG.



Margaret Seymour, daughter of Lord and Lady
 Hertford. She died very suddenly about two
 years after her marriage, and since then Mr. Ismay
 has married one of the charming and popular
 daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Moreton, who live
 at Bembridge.

Colonel Moreton is a relation of Lord Ducie, and
 Mrs. Moreton is a daughter of the first Sir Richard
 Sutton, who was so well known in the yachting
 world as the owner of that famous yacht *Aline*.
 They have a very pretty place at Bembridge, and
 Colonel Moreton is one of the leaders of the Gar-
 land Club, a pretty little house that is situated
 almost on the beach, and where social gatherings
 and occasionally theatricals and entertainments
 take place in the evenings.

Adeline Lady Cardigan is occupying the w. le of
 Pavilion Cottage at Cowes this year, but up to the
 present she has been too unwell even to go in the
 gardens of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Lady
 Cardigan has been a well-known figure at Cowes
 for very many years past, and even now, despite
 her great age, she makes her annual visit to the
 Isle of Wight. She was always a great personal-
 ity, especially at Cowes, and the trim, well-built
 figure, with the wonderful walk for which she was
 so famous, will always be remembered there. For
 a very long time she was accompanied in her walks
 by a little white poodle, which she used to lead by
 a coloured ribbon, a fresh colour being used every

day, and across her shoulders a leopard-skin was
 usually worn as a sort of cape.

Sir Edward Russell, who is at present preparing
 to answer a charge of libel in his capacity as
 editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post," is one of the
 most amusing men of our time. He has a fund
 of anecdotes about all the famous people he has
 met, some of which he has never told and some he
 has published in an entertaining book of reminis-
 cences. Perhaps Sir Edward has known more
 political celebrities than artists or literary men.
 One delightful story of his showed, I remember,
 how much Lord Randolph Churchill knew about
 Shakespeare.

Lord Randolph went one night to see Sir Henry
 Irving as "Hamlet" in Dublin. During one of the
 intervals he asked leave to call upon Sir Henry
 in his dressing-room. After a few moments' con-
 versation Lord Randolph asked what was to happen
 in the next act, and was informed that the young
 lady (Ophelia) of the piece would get into con-
 siderable difficulties. "Dear me, this is very sad,"
 said Lord Randolph, "and what happens at the end?"
 "At the end," said Sir Henry, "the stage
 is strewn with bodies." "Most interesting," said
 Lord Randolph, and he added apologetically,
 "You know I have never seen a play of Shake-

spere's before, or have I even read one." What
 a blissful condition—not to know how "Hamlet"
 ends!

General Booth, who is more energetic than ever
 after his last few months of globe-trotting, has just
 been relating an amusing incident which occurred
 at a private meeting of the foreign representatives
 at the Salvation Army Congress last year. A Babu
 preacher was given some kippered herrings for
 breakfast and, not knowing the meaning of the
 word "kippered," he enquired. He was informed
 that it meant "preserved." Now, it is well known
 that the average Babu delights in the use of
 new word, but his fellow-workshippers were some-
 what startled to hear in his next prayer this peculiar
 request: "May our noble leader, General Booth,
 be kippered to the Salvation Army for many years
 to come."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

CAN ANIMALS BE HAPPY?

I have read with interest and pleasure the sensible
 answer in your leading article column to Mr. Kay
 Robinson's remarks on the above subject. After
 nearly forty years' close observation, professional and
 otherwise, of animals—more notably those of a
 domesticated character—I am perfectly satisfied
 that animals are conscious of happiness and un-
 happiness. The remarks of "H." will appeal to
 every animal-lover of even ordinary acumen.

To assert that an animal—the dog in particular—
 has no knowledge of its own thoughts or actions,
 whether right or wrong, is a direct and absurd con-
 tradiction of what may be witnessed every day to
 the reverse.

Such a doctrine as "H." correctly states would
 tend to increase cruelty and do irreparable injury
 to the teaching of humanity, especially to the
 young, who should be impressed with the duty
 of being kind to all animals.

(Professor) WOODROFFE HILL, F.R.C.V.S.
 Hereford-road, Bayswater.

LAWYER-INNKEEPERS.

In the *Daily Mirror* during the past few days
 we have heard of two lawyers who became
 publicans, but I fail to see anything very out of
 place in that.

Some few years ago I was in North Wales, and
 in the village where I was staying there was an
 hotel, with a public bar, kept by a man who was
 a fully-ordained clergyman of the Church of Eng-
 land.

He had been curate at the parish church of the
 same village, and had given up the Church for
 the "bar." He used to serve out beer to his old
 parishioners. H. W.

Porchester-gardens, W.

BO.-RD SCHOOLS AND SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Several correspondents have called attention to
 the bad manners of Board school children, and one
 or two, writing in opposition, point, I notice, to
 the excellent results of State teaching in making
 boys successful in their after-life.

One often hears this kind of thing said. Is there
 anything in it? Who can point to striking instances
 of Board school boys (or girls) who have risen by
 energy and industry to good positions in life?

I should like to hear of some, and so would
 many others who doubt with me whether they
 exist.

OLD-FASHIONED TORY.
 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

SERVICES ON THE SANDS.

It seems to be supposed by some of your con-
 temporaries that services on the beach, as now
 being conducted at Blackpool by the Bishop of
 Manchester's mission, are a new thing altogether.

The Children's Special Service Mission has held
 such services for at least twenty years past at num-
 bers of seaside places.

To talk of this being the "first mission of its
 kind ever held on the sands of a holiday resort,"
 as the "Daily News" does, is quite inaccurate.

Hunstanton, Norfolk. GEORGE CAIRD, M.A.

CLOSING TIME FOR POST-OFFICES.

On the Saturday before Bank Holiday I found
 a post-office in Bayswater (Queen's-road) shut just
 after five o'clock. I have since found out they
 always shut at five on Saturdays.

I thought post-offices were bound to keep open
 until eight o'clock. That is certainly the general
 impression. V. H.
 Lawson-street.

Letters from our readers on "Is there a
 Split Wrench?" and "Are Wives a Help or a
 Hindrance?" will be found on other pages.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 11.—Few flowers are more useful for
 mixing with sweet-peas or arranging in bouquets
 than the popular gypsophila. How attractive are
 the countless tiny blooms which deck each stalk.
 As its name implies, this plant is at home in soil
 containing lime and chalk.

Clematises are at their best. Rambling up trees
 (such as laburnums and wistarias), the flowers
 look wonderfully beautiful against the green
 foliage. Few who have seen them growing thus
 would train them on walls again. E. F. T.

NEWS by CAMERA

BISHOP'S OPEN-AIR MISSION AT BLACKPOOL.



Dr. Knox, Bishop of Manchester, preaching on the sands at Blackpool. The special mission organised by the Bishop at the popular seaside resort has been a great success. Twenty preachers are assisting Bishop Knox and his two suffragans, and large crowds have listened to the sermons delivered on the beach.

HIGHLAND CHIEFTAINS OF TO-DAY.

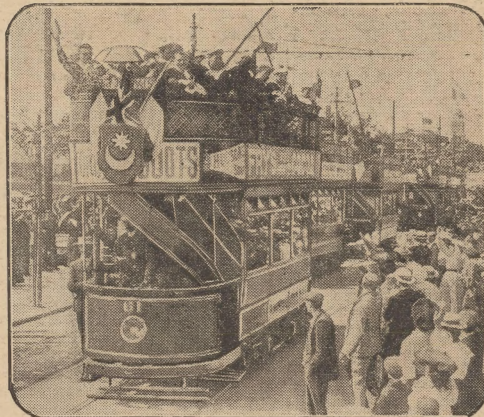


These portraits of three of the greatest landowners in the Highlands will be of special interest on this the first day of the Highland season. Mr. W. D. Mackenzie (on the left), owns 56,000 acres, including some of the finest grouse-shooting in Scotland; Mr. Edward Fraser-Tytler (in the centre) possesses large estates in Inverness, and Mr. James Baillie, of Dochfour (on the right) is the owner of nearly 92,600 acres.

ENTENTE CORDON



Cigarettes were provided by the mayor for his naval guests at the Portsmouth sports. The photograph shows the group of sailors in the background showing a supply for distribution. The group of sailors in the background shows a supply for distribution. The group of sailors in the background shows a supply for distribution.



Handymen from the French and British fleets on their way to the sports at the North End Recreation Ground, Portsmouth. One thousand five hundred men from each fleet were invited, and they were conveyed to the ground on electric tramcars.



Donkey races were among the sports at the Portsmouth sports. One of the French sailors trying to persuade a donkey to take part in the race.



Crimean veterans' race at the sports organised by the Mayor of Portsmouth, and held at the North End Recreation Ground, Portsmouth. The old warriors, among whom one was a member of the Legion of Honour, were cordially saluted by the French sailors.

SPORTS AT PORTSMOUTH



reproduced shows one of the police-ly how thoroughly the men of the two



France and Britain combined, in the persons of two bluejackets, competing in the three-legged race at the Portsmouth sports.



st popular features photograph shows a a donkey of un- in the racing.



British marines and bluejackets escorting a party of French sailors ashore at Portsmouth. Few of the Frenchmen were acquainted with the English language, and equally few of the Britishers knew French, but they somehow contrived to understand each other.



recreation Ground, the cross of the



International tug-of-war team at the Portsmouth naval sports. Each side was made up of five English Tars and an equal number of their French comrades, as seen in our photograph.



IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THESE GROUPS?



Name

Address



Name

Address

If you appear in either of these photographs mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected in each group you will receive half a guinea. The upper group was photographed at Hunstanton and the lower one at Folkestone. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

SUPPLYING THE "DAILY MIRROR" TO THE FLEETS.



Every morning the *Daily Mirror* has been distributed to the fleets in the Solent by one of Mr. G. H. Cox's (of the Southsea Cycle Company) fast motor-boats. The photograph shows one of these useful boats piled up with *Daily Mirrors*.

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By Coralie Stanton
and Heath Hosken.

To H.M. the King.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Valence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her father, Canon Valence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Valence, whose whole being was wrapped around with the ray mist of love's young dream? As the Honourable Mrs. Dangerville she would have to put her hand to the plough and work with her husband to make themselves a home—as the Viscountess Blunquart de Balliol, which in all human probability she would become, she would never be able to take her right place in the world. But what would it matter that? They would be together, there was nothing beyond that.

Lord Blunquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blunquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich. He had come to the City as "The Hog," and hated by all for his incessant brag and brutal manners. Physically he was an enormous man, heavily built, a huge unbecoming flesh. His face was disagreeable, coarse, and unappealingly vulgar. It gave no hint of the power that had raised the man from the gutter to the control of the great financial enterprises than any other man of his day.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blunquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of his inheritance, to look to him for succour, to seek him, or to touch his hand.

Though the financier sent invitation after invitation to Lord Blunquart, the latter continually made excuses and could not bend his pride to visit the parvenu who owned the old home of his family.

But Swindover had Lord Blunquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that he was ruining his inheritance, to look to him for succour, to seek him, or to touch his hand.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blunquart came to the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blunquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blunquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him.

Lord Blunquart turned to go, but the ugly voice followed him.

"I have a proposal to make, my lord."

"What is it?"

"I will free you from all liabilities," said Swindover in sharp, staccato tones. "I will make you a rich man for life. I will give you our son, Lord Blunquart, and two million pounds sterling—if you will arrange a marriage between him and my daughter, Fay."

A low, fierce, awestruck laugh. The old man's eyes glazed. At last Blunquart de Balliol was stung beyond endurance.

"I give you my answer," he said. "You can make me bankrupt; you can drive me into the gutter, or the workhouse. But I would rather kill my son with my own hands than live to see my family allied with him. He paused, but there was no word for what was in his mind. He gave the millionaire one glance up and down, taking in the huge form, the fatty, coarse, repulsive face, that had turned a sickly grey to the very lips; it was a glance of unfathomable and royal scorn. Then he turned on his heel and left the room."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SABRA VALENCE—A beautiful young girl, living with her uncle, Canon Valence, in the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the Midlands. Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, but with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears Sabra finds the sacrifice too great, and gives her heart to Dick Dangerville.

DICK DANGERVILLE—Son and heir of Lord Blunquart de Balliol—Who lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of unparalleled family reverses, which culminated in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England, to Samuel Swindover.

SAMUEL SWINDOVER—A crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich, hated by all for his incessant brag and brutal manners. He is known in the City as "The Hog."

CHAPTER V.

"... The days of darkness; for they shall be many."

Lord Blunquart spent an unforgettable night. He retired before his son came back. He could not face Dick that night. He felt ashamed in all his being; it was as if not only he, but, in him, all the Blunquarts who had ever lived, and raged under the intolerable insult that had been put upon their name by this low-born, repulsive creature, who had wrested their inheritance from them. It was not until the dawn broke that the old peer found strength and calmness enough to put the whole revolting scene from his mind, to forget it, as one deliberately sets oneself to forget a nightmare.

He rose, unrefreshed, a haggard and pathetic figure for all the splendid uprightness of his carriage and the flashing, challenging glances of his piercing eyes. He found his son already seated at the breakfast-table, perusing a letter, with a frown on his handsome young face.

"What in the name of all that is wonderful does this mean, governor?" cried Dick. "The infernal impudence of the person—daring to write to me."

He handed the sheet of paper to his father. Beneath the address of Balliol Castle, stamped in large gold letters and with a huge gold double "S" in the opposite corner, was written, in Adolphus Courcy's neat, distinguished handwriting—

"Mr. Samuel Swindover wishes to confirm the offer he made to Lord Blunquart de Balliol last

night, and repeats that the acceptance will remain open to his lordship for eight days, during which period Mr. Swindover will take no steps in the matter which his lordship laid before him."

A flame leaped into the old peer's eyes. This calm, businesslike treatment of the affair, this offer in writing to buy his name, as well as his inheritance, was more than flesh and blood could stand. He tore the paper into tiny atoms with nervous violence—while his son looked on in amazement and flung them into the fireplace. He tried to speak, but his throat choked him.

"What on earth does it mean, sir?" asked Dick, almost incoherent with indignation. "The letter was addressed to me. It was brought by hand just now. How dare he write to us—and like that, too, the insolent brute! Why, if he presented a petition to me on his great, fat knees, I wouldn't touch it with a pair of pincers. And he talks of offers and acceptances and eight days' grace!"

"He addressed it to you," said his father, an icy calm having succeeded his outburst of fury, "because he knew that I shouldn't tell you anything about it. The man knows human nature well enough; it's one of his disgusting boasts. When you go home to-night, last night, Dick, I want you to the Castle to call on this man."

Dick jumped to his feet. He stared at his father speechlessly.

"If you'd told me you'd gone to the moon —" he gasped.

"I'm going to tell you all about it. You'd have to know soon enough, my poor boy."

Lord Blunquart's voice sank to a morbid melancholy. "It was my last resource. This man could help me; no one else would. I had little hope, as you may imagine. It was the hardest thing I ever did in my life, Dick, and if I'd guessed—well, I'd rather have thrown myself into the river. I haven't taken you into my confidence, my boy, because I wanted to spare you. I've been a fool; I've been cherishing a mad idea for months that I could retrieve our fortunes to some extent. I won't go into details now. The main facts are enough. There is a mortgage on this house; the interest is months overdue, I can't pay it. And there are bills, besides, falling due next week."

"How much?" asked Dick with dry lips.

"Eight thousand pounds. Oh, don't look at me like that, Dick! It was all through my fault, and I determined to take the punishment, though it was the hardest a man was ever called upon to bear. I determined to appeal to this man. I found that he knew my position as well as I did; I found that, although I had been entirely in ignorance of the fact, it was he who held both the mortgage and the bills. I found, in short, that he was my only creditor. I don't know how these things are done."

"Like everything such a creature does," cried Dick furiously, "in a sneaking, underhand way. I suppose he hates us like poison; I suppose he has determined to ruin us."

"He has succeeded. I appealed to him to give me time. And he refused."

"I'm jolly glad," said Dick. "I wouldn't be under any obligations to him for the world." "Did you understand what it means, my boy?" asked the old peer, with a dreary sigh. "Absolute ruin. This house will go; I shall be made a bankrupt. We shan't have a penny."

"Who cares?" cried the young man. "It's better than having any dealings with a man like this brute Swindover. And I'll work for you, governor; we'll get along somehow. I'll go up to town to-morrow and see Normanhurst. He'll give me a secretaryship or something, just enough to live on, for the beginning. Cheer up, sir; I believe I'll be better for us in the end to begin a new life altogether."

But the old man shook his head. He had lived his life; he had no longer the fire, the courage, the hope that springs eternal in the breast of youth.

"But what does the brute mean by his offer, and giving us eight days?" Dick asked, with no little curiosity. "Did he offer to make some low terms? Does he want to get something out of you?"

For a moment Lord Blunquart looked at his son in silence, as if wondering whether he dared to give such an outrageous suggestion. Then he said, in a low, dragging voice: "Yes, he made me an offer. I may as well tell you. I wanted to kill him. He said he'd give you back the Castle and two millions of money if you'd marry his daughter."

The old man had almost expected his son to spring on him in fury for having listened to such a proposition. But, to his horror and amazement, Dick threw back his head and laughed. The rest had roused the young man's anger, his scorn, his disgust; but this was so preposterous that it appealed only to his sense of humour.

"Dick," cried his father sternly, "how can you laugh?"

"Well, really, governor, one couldn't treat such a proposal any other way, seeing that one couldn't lay hands on the beast, as one would on an ordinary man. Lord, I'd like to have been there, though! I suppose you doubled him up with a look."

"I really don't remember what I said," said Lord Blunquart, still struggling with his amazement at the way his son looked upon this insult, which had seemed to him as if it could kill only by wounding by death. "I wanted to kill him, I tell you. I hope I shall never feel like that again. Perhaps you are right, though. It's not worth troubling about."

"I shouldn't think it was. Well, there's nothing for us to do but face it, governor. Only—"

"Only—?" He held out his hand impulsively. "You'll trust me now, won't you? You won't keep things from me any more?"

Lord Blunquart nodded. He could not speak. The two men stood hand in hand. It was one of those illumined moments when a man, stricken sore by adversity, may refresh and lave his soul in the clear fount of the absolute loyalty of his son.

When they turned from each other, Dick's face was overcast.

"I must tell Sabra," he said. "She must be the first to know. It is only fair. I must release her. How can I ask her, or allow her, to marry me, when I am, not only figuratively, but actually a beggar?"

"Tell her, by all means," replied his father. "Her heart must decide." He spoke proudly. Even now he could not lose that lofty bearing of his soul that made him feel that, beggared and in rags, Richard Dangerville was a proud match for any woman, were she a queen.

Dick rode into the city later in the morning. He found Sabra alone in her uncle's shabby study. The girl greeted him with a radiant smile, which was immediately followed by a wry twist of her charming, demure lips.

"Oh, Dick, I'm doing such a disagreeable thing. Do come and help me! I'm writing to Mr. Swindover—a letter of thanks, too!"

"Thanks! What for?" asked Dick sharply. There was a frown on his brow; it seemed as if that odious man must pursue him everywhere.

"Oh, he's sent a cartload of flowers—such flowers!—and the most gorgeous fruits—things I've never seen before—for the Harvest Thanksgiving, you know. And he sent them direct to me; I suppose he found out that I always decorate the church myself. And I'd like to send them all back, so that makes me feel horrible. Uncle feels just the same about the new communion plate he's given; but positively gorgeous, beautifully chased gold and enormous rubies."

"It's simply disgusting!" cried Dick vehemently. "We can't escape from the man! But, Sabra, darling, I've got something to say to you—and I don't know how to say it. Leave the wretched letter and come and sit down here."

He drew the girl on to a worn horseshoe couch, and sat down beside her, and raised her hand to his lips, kissing them with a passion that had a touch of anguish in it. "What would you do, Sabra, if—if something were to prevent our marriage?" he asked in a low, intensely eager voice. "Would you care—very much?"

"Dick, what do you mean?" said the girl, turning her wonderful purple eyes on him, wide with anxiety and dark with fear. "What could happen? I—should go into the Sisterhood, I think, and make Aunt Ursula happy. But why do you ask? Your face is so grave. Oh, what has happened?"

Dick took from his waistcoat pocket a ring, a large and flawless emerald, on which the Blunquart arms were most exquisitely engraved, and he took the girl's left hand in his, and his ringing, young voice trembled with deep emotion.

"I love you with all my heart and soul," he said. "You are more to me than my life, and it is the dearest wish of my heart to put this ring on your finger, and to know that I shall have the comfort of your dear presence all through my life. But—"

"It is your father," the girl interrupted tremulously.

Dick shook his head. "No. My father, too, loves you and longs to have you for his daughter."

"Then it is only money again," the girl cried, with the true divination of love. "Dick, why did you frighten me?"

"Because it is far worse than I thought," he said gloomily. "We are absolute beggars. We shall have to turn out of Dangerville Hall; my father will be made a bankrupt. It is all through this man at the Castle. He seems to have made up his mind to ruin us, and that's just what he has succeeded in doing. Oh, Sabra, how can I allow you to marry me?"

"Because I insist," she answered, with a lovely blush. "Oh, Dick, you don't think I am so poor a thing as to care. And I have a little money of my own—dear Dick, don't look at me like that! I mean enough to keep myself, so that I shan't be a burden on you. And—oh, I can say half of what is in my heart." She did not attempt to say more, but, better than with words, she told him of her love, of her trust, of her loyalty. Half-shyly, half-proudly, she held out her hands towards him, and, with a heart too full for words, she slipped the Blunquart emerald on to her finger.

Then he took her into his arms.

"My darling! My darling!" he whispered passionately. For a few moments a deep, silent peace brooded over the room; then a footstep sounded in the hall, and the two young people went out to meet Canon Valence and to receive his congratulations and his blessing.

It was nearly a week before Sabra saw Lord Blunquart. After that scene with his son, in which Dick had learned for the first time how complete was their ruin, the old peer had broken down, and, for a couple of days, the doctor feared an attack of brain fever.

(Continued on page 13.)

BUCHANAN'S
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(RED SEAL)

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To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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Daily Mail.



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MEDICAL MAGAZINE.



"By Doctor's Orders."

OVER 8,000 Medical Testimonials

Bury, July 2, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Please forward accompanying order. I have a very high opinion of the value of your "Wincarnis," and have used it in a case of debility, following Scarlatina, at the Isolation Hospital.—Yours faithfully,

—L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S.

Carnarvon, July 14, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I regularly prescribe your "Wincarnis" to my patients, and am glad to say that it is an A1 pick-me-up for invalids.—Yours, etc.,

H. H. P., M.R.C.S.

Newton-le-Willoys, Lancashire,
July 28, 1905.

Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to say your preparation, "Wincarnis," has in my experience done all that you claim for it. I have tried it in three cases of Pyæmia, and been more than satisfied, and also in ordinary cases of debility with complete satisfaction.

I shall most certainly prescribe it in future as a reliable tonic and stimulant.
—Yours truly, M.B., etc.

Another Doctor writes:—

I have always found it extremely valuable in Neurasthenical and Hysterical disorders, which are two diseases difficult to cure in private practice.

Princes Park, Liverpool,
June 30, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Your sample bottle of "Wincarnis" was forwarded to me from barracks, and as my son was very bad with hay fever at the time, I tried it. It has had a marvellous effect on him, and even the small quantity has nearly cured him; his bleeding from the nose has stopped, and I really think that another bottle or two will complete the cure. I had tried everything and had special advice before trying this.

My chemist had none this morning in stock. Please send soon.—Yours faithfully,
H. J. T. B., M.R.C.S. etc.

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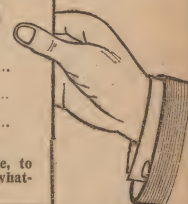
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ADDRESS.....

"Daily Mirror," August 12, 1905.

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IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Testimony from Those Who Have
Conversed with Dead Friends.

TRAVELLERS WHO RETURN

Ten years ago I experienced the same difficulty as "Dubitans" in coming into direct touch with people who had had personal experience—in fact, my inclination led me to discredit the "fairly tales," as I then described the apparently romantic descriptions of the spirit-world and its occupants.

I was fortunate enough to get into touch with friends who had some knowledge of the subject, and, despite my scepticism, difficulties and objections have been one by one removed, and, like Alfred Russell Wallace, the well-known scholar and thinker, I am compelled to admit "the facts beat me."

During the past eighteen months four of my dearest friends, including my father and sister, have passed to the other side of life, and from each of them I have received undisputed testimony of their actual existence in the new surroundings. I was recently in company with Mr. John Lobb, L.C.C., also well known in civic circles in the City of London, and he assured me that, in the course of twelve months' investigation, he had come into communication with over 500 occupants of the spirit world, or, as he put it, the "blessed" living dead. I enclose my card, but merely sign myself, London, W. SATISFIED.

ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS.

If your correspondent Thomas Dubitans really wishes to know if there is a spirit world, would say let him approach the subject with an unbiased mind and he will find the weight of reason and of common sense is on the side of belief rather than unbelief. We cannot all get evidence first-hand, but that is no reason why we should reject the testimony of those qualified to speak.

For enlightenment on the subject I would ask your correspondent to read Emanuel Swedenborg's "Heaven, Hell, and the World of Spirits" (in most public libraries), Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's "Spiritualism and Modern Miracles," a most convincing work by an eminent scientist of to-day, and also to hear the personal experiences of such lecturers upon the spiritualist platform as Mr. Councillor John Lobb (of London), the Rev. J. W. Boulding, and many others.

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

Nottingham.

FUTURE LIFE A NECESSITY.

Not to believe in the spirit world—i.e., a future life—is to deny several years of wrong. This is a very different thing from believing in ghosts or spirits, which may, of course, or may not, exist.

The suffering of a lifetime is not imaginary, and is the only proof (if there is any) of the existence of another world where, as we try to hope, the wrongs of this life will be righted.

Greystoke, Up. Newwood. D. Z. BEAUMONT.
P.S.—As I am sixty-nine years of age I venture humbly to send this reply to "Thomas Dubitans."

WHAT NIGHTMARE MEANS.

Having made a study of occult subjects, I am pleased to be able to reply to Thomas Dubitans's interesting letter. Ghosts and spirits are one and the same thing, mostly invisible, in a few cases visible.

The number of people who have seen ghosts prove that all could not have imagined it.

How many *Daily Mirror* readers have had nightmares? All who have, have been near the spirits.

Whenever a person has nightmare there are spirits in the room. The dreadful choking sensation, and the feeling that someone is in the room is sufficient proof.

B. SIMMONS, JUN.
29, Norwich-road.

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."

Let me be one of the first to bear witness to the fact of "spirit return." I have investigated now for five years and have seen marvellous manifestations and held communion with the so-called "dead," but they are all as much alive as we are. It is only a case of "seeking," the finding soon follows.

You must be a medium—clairvoyantly, at least—or develop mediumship, before you can see anything. Some people are natural mediums. People with blue or hazel eyes are the best clairvoyants.

Jesmond-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne. RESEARCH.

ABUNDANT WITNESS.

Surely testimony on this subject should count for something, especially as it is so abundant and comes first-hand from a man like Dr. A. R. Wallace, who, in the words of the "Daily Mail" Year-Book, "formulated the evolution hypothesis simultaneously with Darwin."

Your correspondent might obtain first-hand evidence from some of the numerous mediums.

A SPIRITUALIST DOCTOR.
Treherbert, Glamorgan, Wales.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

Mr. Lowther's Duties Already Telling Upon His Nervous System.

Has the new Speaker been a success so far?

He has had just nine weeks of office and several trying situations to deal with, at least one important decision to give (on the Redistribution proposals), and a good many stormy moments to get through.

The general impression in the House of Commons is that he has done himself credit, and the Opposition at all events are very well pleased with the change which was made when Speaker Gully retired.

This attitude is due to the fact that a great revolution in the procedure has already marked Mr. Lowther's tenure of power.

Ministers are no longer spared the embarrassment of severe and prolonged cross-examination at question time. Mr. Speaker Gully's narrow, lawyer-like interpretation of the rules of order has given place to a more elastic reading. Interrogations have, during the past two months, frequently lasted till nearly 3.30 in the afternoon. By the rules of the House they should cease automatically at three.

A CONTRAST IN METHODS.

Pertinacious Oppositionists, Nationalists in particular, naturally make the most of these long-denied opportunities. Vigorously they bombard the poor Chief Secretary for Ireland and his fellow-Ministers with "supplementaries" for six, seven, and even ten minutes, on the same subject, however paltry.

Mr. Speaker Gully would have pulled them promptly up by pointing out that their questions "did not arise out of the answer given to the question on the paper." Mr. Speaker Lowther adds to the dramatic possibilities of the proceedings by giving members the fullest liberty to probe things to the bottom. Thus, in multiplying questions (argue his admirers) he diminishes the chances of turbulent scenes.

Liberals and Nationalists are therefore delighted with the change of Speakership. But are Ministerialists? Some think Mr. Lowther "weak," some a "failure," some "slow," in discriminating between relevant and irrelevant questions. Some say he is cautiously "feeling his way."

His ruling on Redistribution made Ministerialists gasp with amazement. And this, thought they, from a Tory Speaker!

A great change has overtaken Mr. Lowther since he mounted the Chair. A spirit of aloofness has fallen upon him. Hour after hour in the long summer nights while the House is in Committee, a hatless figure in knee-breeches may be seen on a chair at the end of the Terrace carefully reading the papers or watching the boats on the river. Nobody ever approaches him. And he approaches nobody.

The nervous strain of his immensely responsible duties has already told upon him. In the fiercest wrangles in the days of his Chairmanship of Committee the pale, strong, Sphinx-like face remained without the slightest trace of excitement. Now his bearded cheeks are daily tinged with pink when Ministers are plied with questions. E. A. J.

TURK SHOCKS NEW YORK.

Hotel Manager Objects to a Visitor with Three Wives.

Abdul Kader, a wealthy Turk, who is accompanied by three wives, is causing a sensation in New York.

With the ladies muffled up to the eyes to conceal them from the gaze of men he disembarked from the steamer, and, going to one of the fashionable hotels demanded a room for one.

The horrified hotel clerk promptly refused. The manager was called, and through an interpreter it was explained to Abdul Kader that he could not occupy one room with the three ladies.

So the Turk put two of his wives in a room in the hotel and marched off, his gorgeous Oriental robes attracting much attention from the crowd, to find a room for himself and his other wife elsewhere.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE WHITE LADY. By May Crommelin. An unusually sensational story of a woman who survives the abuse of a cruel husband to marry her real lover in the final chapter. The dialogue is clever at times, but never natural. John Long, 6s.

THE NEW MINISTER. By Orme Agnew. Ward, Lock, 6s. Another quaint tale of the tescap customs of Dorsetshire village folk. The story of the young Westland minister who wins his way into the hearts of the people. A story is told with the author's usual wealth of quiet pathos and humour. Tom Browne's illustrations add to the charm of the book.

RED OF THE FEUD. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. T. W. Laurie, 6s. "Mr. Sutcliffe," the publisher's note tells us, "has a special and affectionate public of his own. We hope they will like this book. It is the kind of thing Robert Louis Stevenson called 'Tussock.' No one actually says 'Tussock,' so far as we recollect, but it is full of 'tussocks' and 'tussocks' and 'tussocks' and never strikes one as being anything but a rather laboured tale, not told with any particular ability."

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. By John K. Lewis. The wife of an Italian miser and her lover, the Marquis Rubini, murder the husband for his money. The Marquis deserts the woman and flies to England, where he almost succeeds in establishing himself in a baronet's family before his sins are found out. The too melodramatic plot is confused by the fact that both the author and the Marquis take a hand at telling the harrowing story. Ward, Lock, 2s. 6d.

The Great Channel Swim

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what
Miss
Kellermann



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THE SAFE FLANNELETTE

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH—GROUSE BEST WHEN ROASTED—OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GROUSE IN THE KITCHEN.

HOW TO COOK THE SUCCULENT DAINITY.

With what joy the housewife hails the advent of game! For the time being the compilation of the menu seems almost easy, for when game figures on the bill-of-fare the men at all events feel satisfied and criticise the other dishes less harshly. The novice, at least, will be glad of a really reliable recipe for roasting grouse, the favourite mode of cooking it.

ROAST GROUSE.

INGREDIENTS:—A brace of grouse, two pieces of bacon, an ounce of butter or good dripping.

Have the birds carefully picked, cleaned, and trussed; tie a piece of fat bacon over the breast of each of them; then wrap them up in a piece of buttered paper. Either roast them before a clear,



A shooting-dress made of green and russet plaid, finished with leather buttons, a leather belt and cuffs, and worn with a cap to match.

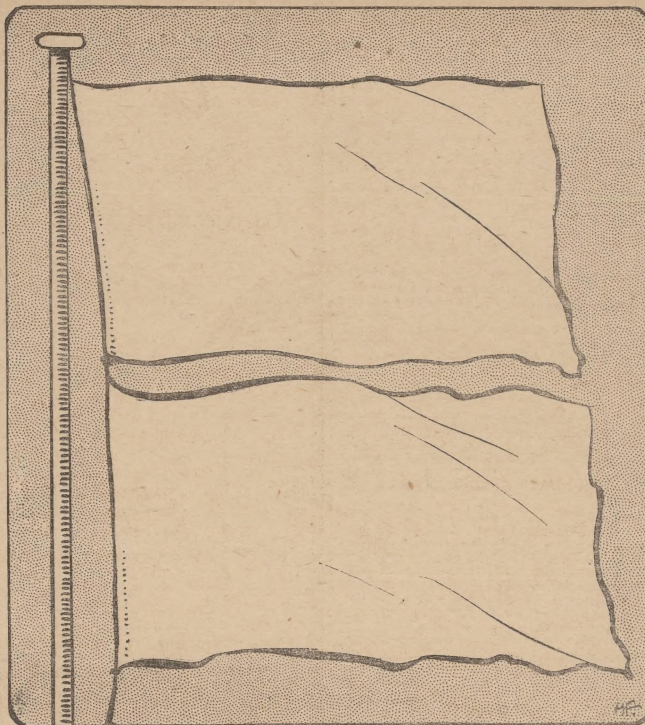
brisk fire or in a quick oven for about twenty minutes. For the last eight minutes take off the paper and bacon so that the birds may brown nicely. They should be frequently basted with the butter or dripping. For the last ten minutes place a neat slice of toast under each to catch the gravy which drops from them. Put the pieces of toast on a hot dish, place the birds on them, and garnish them with watercress. Serve with them some good brown gravy, fried crumbs, and bread sauce.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

But his magnificent constitution triumphed, and on the sixth day of the period of grace that Swindover had granted before he took the steps that would leave Lord Blanquet and his son without a roof to cover their heads, and send the old man out into the world a bankrupt, he was well enough to sit out in the garden and bask in the mellow rays of the afternoon sun. It was then that Dick Dangleville brought Sabra to see him, and said proudly, and with infinite tenderness, "Sabra is not going to desert us, sir. We want your blessing."

And, as the slim, white-robed girl, with the delicate, thoughtful face, knelt by the old peer's side, he patted her white hands, and told her that he would rather see the Blanquet ring on her finger than on that of any other woman in the world. And they talked together and made plans and dreamt dreams, until it seemed easy to do wonderful things, they three, standing against the world.



Transform the above flags into the Union Jack and the flag of Franco with your crayons or water-colours and send in according to the directions to be found in the letterpress on this page.

THE PAINTING PRIZES.

BOY OF SEVEN WINS THE FIRST PRIZE.

Dear me, what sacks and sacks of letters containing little bears I had to look through to decide who were the winners of last week's painting, but at last it was finished, and here they are.

The first prize of 5s. is for Athol Stabler, age seven, 10, Market-place, Driffield, Yorks. He has painted a very nice, careful picture, and the colouring for his age is very correct indeed.

The second prize of 2s. 6d. goes to Doris Carmichael, c.o. Mrs. Hamilton, Briadale, Hawkhead-road, Paisley, N.B., age twelve. She has used crayons, and very nice they look, too. What a lovely green field, Doris.

Evelyn Rayment, age eight, The Laurels, 64, Chelsham-road, Clapham, S.W., wins the third prize of 2s. 6d. Her little bear wears a very becoming red hat, and his coat is a lovely brown. He certainly looks very nice indeed.

The fourth prize goes to a boy of twelve years old named William Uhrig, 109, Windsor-road, Ilford, E. His bear looks very fine with a blue hat and red band, and what a lovely red tongue you have given him, Willie, to be sure.

Honourable mentions are awarded to:—Reginald Davidge, age eleven, 5, Monmouth-place, Bath, for a nicely-coloured sketch.

Arthur J. Moore, age ten, 34, Weston-street,

And it was arranged that Sabra and Dick were to be married in a fortnight.

But, when the girl was going away, and Lord Blanquet had been taken into the house, she looked at her lover with sad and sympathetic eyes. "Oh, Dick, it is too dreadful! It's killing him. He's a different man."

"Yes, a broken man, poor old governor," said Dick sombrely. "First losing his old home and now everything else—it's more than he can bear." Sabra would not let the young man ride back with her, but insisted that he should stay with his father.

When she arrived at the Vicarage, a startled maid-servant met her in the hall.

"Oh, please, miss, the Canon's out, and Mr. Swindover is waiting in the study," said the flustered country girl.

"Tell Mr. Swindover," said the girl coldly, "that my uncle won't be in until late." "But, miss, Mr. Swindover says it is you he particularly wants to see. He's been waiting more than an hour, miss."

(To be continued.)

Upper Norwood. He has painted a sort of stormy sky, which suits the subject very well indeed.

Florence McGough, 20, Bankfield-terrace, Kirkstall-road, Leeds, age eight.

Mabel Ainsworth, who won a prize last week, sends another good sketch, but not so good as the last one, Mabel; but it quite deserves a place among the honourable mentions.

Joan Watney, Canwick Vicarage, Lincoln, age seven. A very nice little painting, Joan, for your age. I should like to see you try again.

Annie Miller, aged eleven, 2, Poythland-place, Kent Road, Southsea. Heather Michell, age thirteen, East Cliff Cottage, Marazion R.S.O., Cornwall. Katie Hart, 196, Croydon-road, Anerley, S.E., age six. Katie has put yellow spots on the bear's scarf, and a beautiful red roof on the house. The trees in the background are also a very nice colour.

This week I have something quite new and original for you to do. Everybody is talking about the visit of the French fleet to England, and all the papers are full of pictures showing what it is doing so, as I do not want you to feel left out in the cold, I have got our artist to draw the outline of two white flags flying on top of a flagstaff. Now, what you are to do is this: Transform with your crayons or water-colours the top flag into the red, white, and blue flag of France, and the underneath one into our own Union Jack. You will have, of course, to pencil them in very carefully first, so as to get the proportions right. When you have finished your picture send it in to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up to the first post on Wednesday morning, August 16, 1906.

You will notice I have altered the sending-in date to Wednesday, as there are now so many entries that another day to open and select them is really required.

LADY KINNOULL'S PRIZES FOR BOY AND GIRL READERS.

As we announced last week, the Countess of Kinnoull, who is very anxious to increase the funds of her nursery in Hoxton for the babies of mothers who go to work all day, and to establish other nurseries of the kind, has offered to give prizes to the boy and girl who collect most money for this excellent object.

The *Daily Mirror* is having collecting cards printed, and the Countess will forward them to those who apply to the *Daily Mirror* office.

A large number of applications has been received already, so no time should be lost. It is a splendid opportunity to help the poor little babies in the East End.

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We open it for You

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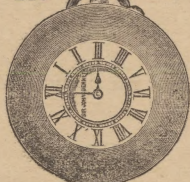
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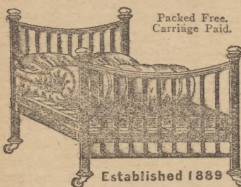
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or	£50	18 0
COUNTRY.	£100	25 0
	£200	41 0
	£500	115 0

Any amount pro rata.

NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.



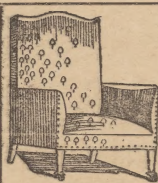
Fashionable Chippendale-style Cabinet, 4ft. wide and 7ft. high, fitted with Bevelled Plates of Glass in back, Drawer and Glass Door Cupboard below; sides fitted with shelves for display of bric-a-brac. Price - £3 17 6.

NO INTEREST OR EXTRA CHARGES.

Country Orders Carriage Paid.

Goods Packed and Delivered Free.

Carpets and Linos Laid Free of Charge.

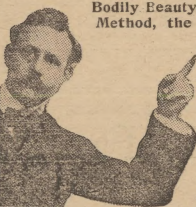


Salon Easy Chair, Spring Stuffed and Upholstered in any coloured Tapestry. 17/6.

"1905" Guide and Catalogue free. Mention the "Daily Mirror."

How You may be Taller

A Rational and Scientific Method of Increasing Height from 1 to 2½ inches, with added Strength, Health, and Bodily Beauty, by the New "Cleave-Extensor" Method, the invention of Mr. F. Meredith Cleave, Ph.D., late Director of Exercises to Haileybury College, and the outcome of 17 years' continual study of the Physical Side of Life.



The "Cleave-Extensor" Method is the Rapid Culture of Physical Beauty with increased height by Novel and Natural Means. It is an original system of bodily movement which, adapted to individual needs, will, in the course of a few weeks, improve the personal appearance of a man or a woman 100 per cent., with the satisfaction of knowing that it is real and natural, and not artificial and unnatural (à la fashion plate). Mr. Cleave's system will give to ladies a beauty of figure and grace of carriage unobtainable by other methods, and the same result can be assured for awkward and ungainly men. Mr. Cleave's method—the "Cleave-Extensor" method—is the result of many years of continuous study of the human frame, and constitutes an absolutely new departure in the science of improving the body by physical education. It has no connection or similarity whatsoever with any other form of bodily exercise, whether it be for health or increasing height, that is being advertised.

FREE TWO WEEKS' PERSONAL INSTRUCTION AND EXPLANATORY BOOK.

In order that serious enquirers can sufficiently judge the merits of this method, please cut the attached form off page, and indicate by mark thus X your physical requirements, and a set of selected movements prepared for you by Mr. Cleave will be sent in course of a day or two. Each movement is a photo from life, with instructions (covering a period of two weeks) that can be readily followed and understood by a child. Mr. Cleave makes this offer in order to have his unique methods widely and quickly known, and will at the same time enclose an interesting 24-page booklet, fully illustrated entitled "Why you are not Taller." All correspondence is strictly confidential.

F. MEREDITH CLEAVE, Ph.D., 30, New Bond St., London, W.

CUT THIS OUT.

107. Put a mark X against any of the following in regard to which you desire special improvement.

Too Short.
Round Shoulders.
Flat Chest.
Narrow Chest.
Stooping Shoulders.
Head Stoop.
Weak Back.
Weak Chest.
Protruding Abdomen.
Incurved Back.
Weak Ankles.
Flat Foot.
Stomach Trouble.
Lung Trouble.
Stunted Growth.
Ungainly Walk.
Curvature of Spine.
Too Thin.
Superfluous Flesh.
Prominent Hips.
Thin Bust.

*Is your Figure or Health imperfect in any way not mentioned above?

*Occupation.

*What is your Age?

*Concerning these give full particulars in a letter. All correspondence is strictly confidential.

POST TO ME.

"Hair Grown on Heads which have been Bald for Years"

I WAS QUITE BALD



Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—After using one tin of your valuable compound I am more than pleased with the result. For five or six years my hair had been falling off, and I was quite bald. I can assure you that I spent many pounds in buying preparations which professed to cure, and had given up in despair until a friend sent me a sample tin of your true hair grower. I tried it. The result was so satisfactory that I purchased a large box, and as a result of its use, my hair is now growing splendidly. I am very sensitive upon the subject of baldness, and was accustomed to wear a cap at business, to cover the unsightliness, but now I don't mind, thanks to your hair-growing compound, as my head is now covered with hair. E. EDWARDS.

This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility; but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of recommendation letters that have reached me, of which the letter of Mr. E. Edwards is a fair example. I will send you on request a collection of similar letters for your perusal. They are all genuine, and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. I have omitted to print the complete names and address in most instances for obvious reasons; but every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON on INTERNAL HAIR REMEDIES

With reference to the possibility of hair growth being influenced by drugs taken internally, the following opinion was expressed recently by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., in a lecture on "Care of the Hair," which I recommended to the notice of readers:— "Whatever improves the general health may incidentally improve the growth of the hair, but for the notion that any internal medicine can act specifically on the hair, either by destroying microbes which cause baldness, or in any other way, there is no justification whatever. Where hair growth has to be stimulated, the direct application to the scalp of a suitable lotion or pomade constitutes the proper and only effective line of treatment."

DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES To Readers of the "Daily Mirror."

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merits of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me, I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps Only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 27F, Craven House (Opposite British Museum), LONDON. Expert Advice to Callers Free.

LARGE TRIAL BOX COUPON

Aug. 12, '05. Cut this out and enclose full name and address, with six stamps, to JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, Craven House, (Opposite British Museum), LONDON.

"DAILY MAIL."

"Weekly Dispatch" EVERY SUNDAY, ONE PENNY.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays 10 to 3), at the rate of 12 words 1s. 6d. (11d. each word afterwards, except for SITUATIONS WANTED, for which the rate is 1s. for 12 words, and 1d. PER WORD AFTER. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDERS CROSSED OUTTS AND CO. (STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED). "Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, SUFFICIENT STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE MUST BE SENT WITH THE ADVERTISEMENT.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A.A.A.A.A.—25s. Boots for 6s. 4d.—For crossed postal order, value 6s. 4d., we forward carriage paid one pair Ladies' or Gent's extra high-class brand new London West End boots, every pair warranted—very latest style, easy fitting, seven, elegant, and durable (average wear 12 months). State size, black or dark (latest style), boots or shoes, button lace, or Derby lace, pointed, medium, or square toes. Money refunded instantly if not approved. Remit 6s. 4d. straight away; you will be astounded at wondrous workmanship and value. We deliver at once. Manufacturers of beautiful durable footwear by appointment to London West End trade and aristocracy for many years. Established 1850. Purchase means life customer. Postal orders must be crossed, and don't forget size. Illustrated catalogue free. "The Times Boot Co., 25, Cannon-row, London.

A.A.A.A.A.—Overcoats, Suits, and Costumes to measure, also boots on monthly payments; latest styles.—The West End Tailoring Co., 105, Cheapside.

A.A.A.A.A.—High-class Fashionable Tailoring on Credit.—Our specialist Imperial lounge suit to measure, 25s., or on easy terms 5s. monthly; newest patterns post free.—A. J. Wittam and Company, 31, Old-street, City-road.

A.—Free dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated lists; send stamp.—British Linnen Company, Oxford-st., London.

A1.—High-class Tailoring on improved system; 10s. monthly.—A. Barwell, 419, Strand, opposite Tivoli.

A Fashionable Suit to measure on approved system; 10s. monthly; fit guaranteed.—Adams, 140, Strand, opposite New Gaiety.

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles, 21s.; exquisitely made; Robes, etc., approval.—Call or write Nicks, 251, Exbridge-st. (private house), near Askew Arms, Shepherd's Bush.

BABY'S First Clothes; large; 9s. 6d.; bargain; approval.—Miss Morris, 2 St. Ann-st., London, E.C.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval.—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BLOUSES made immediately, ladies' materials, 2s.; absolutely guaranteed; testimonials.—Miss Course, Rushden.

BOOTS on Credit; Ladies', 6s.; Gents', 10s. 6d.; good Business Suits, 27s. 6d.; tailor-made Costumes, 25s.; Cycle Suits from 16s. 9d.; Jackets, Mantles, and Drapery effects. No small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; quick delivery.—Write Dept. No. 225, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

FOR Ladies' Reading Only.—A Gap to be Filled.—One frequently hears ladies say when speaking of dress, "I should like to have a real tailor-made costume, but I cannot afford to pay the charges of 10 or 15 guineas which a West End tailor would make me for it. I am, generally speaking, true, but nevertheless an experienced French tailor respectfully solicits a trial order for a tailor-made costume at the price of 37s. 6d., any style, price inclusive of material, making, lining, fitting, etc.; terms of payment on suit customer.—Write in the first instance to 1855, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London, E.C.

TOGETHER SHIRTING SUIT for 10s. 6d.—"Great Tailoring Office."—Dear Sir:—To enable you to understand that England is not behindhand in commercial enterprise, we have decided to advertise this wonderful Gentleman's Tweed Suit at 10s. 6d., carriage free. Write now for our free patterns and measure yourself; this offer may not last much longer. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our real British great offer. Clerks write us. Managers write us. Workmen write us. We are here to attend your wants, and our prices are an eye-opener to the world. You write us. Postcard will do. If you have no stamp at home post it without; we like to hear from you.—Yours faithfully (for 22 years) the Glove Clothing Trust (Dept. D.), 15 and 20, Oxford-st., next door Oxford Music Hall, London, W.

FURS.—Long Russian sable hair Stole and Muff to match; only 15s. 6d.; approval.—Nina, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

LACE at wholesale prices; large assorted parcel, 1s. 8d.; 27, Daybrook-st., Sherwood, Nottingham.

LADIES only 2s. 6d. need be sent with your order for Costumes from 10s. 6d. to 25s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; quick delivery; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.—Write Dept. 225, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

LADIES' Chemises, French made, hand embroidered, 2s. each; post free; knickers to match, same price.—Leduc, 59, Great Marlborough-st., London, W.

LADIES' stylish Tweed Dress Lengths; new colourings; annettes, crests, etc.; 3s. 11d.; carriage paid; patterns sent.—Hargrave, Dress Warehouse, Leamington, N.

NOW or NEVER.—Only three days left; stupendous clearance sale finest fresh linens; closes 15th; many prices halved; everything made; Samples Free; send postcard.—Hutton's, 51, Leamington, N.

ONE Shilling Weekly.—Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices; good business suits from 27s. 6d.; Boots, 10s. 6d.; ladies' Jackets, Mantles, etc. tailored to order from 25s.; Cycle Suits from 16s. 9d.; delivered on small deposit; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; quick delivery.—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

SEALSKIN Jacket for 65s.—Ladies leaving for Colonies must sell elegant new fashionable seacape-shaped seal skin jackets; approval.—Hargrave, 29, Holland-st., S.W.

SMART Hat and Evening Gown, Millinery, etc.; only slightly worn; sale now on; great bargains.—Salmon, 11, Bury-st., Tottenham Court-road, London, W.

TIERNEY'S big Sale now proceeding in the Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Department at Thomas's.—Those who cannot afford cash with order can obtain what they require on credit terms at greatly-reduced prices; catalogues, self-measurement forms, and patterns post free to any address.—Department 511, Stores, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

UNBREAKABLE Corsets, 30s. 11d.; write for free Unbreakable Sample Set; corsets made to suit and any—Corset and Clothing Co., Nottingham. Mention "Mirror."

2s. 6d. Down will secure you a fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure.—Scott and Co. Smart Style Credit Tailors, 64, Cheapside and 268, Edwars-st.

2s. 6d. Deposit will secure you a high-class suit or overcoat; West End cutters.—T. Russell and Co., 137, Fenchurch-st., and 68, Cheapside (corner Bow-lane). All transactions confidential.

Articles For Disposal.

A—Art Cana Baby's Mat. Cart, gonola shape; very hand-some design; owner will sacrifice high-class carriage for 34s. 6d., carriage paid; 3 costions; quite new; approval before payment; photo.—Foster, 99, Brook-st., Stoke Newington.

A.—Bargain.—Sheffield Table Cutlery, service 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel; Crayford ivory balanced handles; unsold; 10s. 6d.; approval.—Matrix, Pool's, 90, Fleet-st., London.

A Baby's art cane Mail-cart.—Lady will sacrifice high-class carriage; elegant design; silver-plated fittings; 3 positions; quite new; accept 33s.; carriage paid; approval before payment; photo.—Rev., 68, Wells-st., Oxford-st., London, W.

ALL Marriages made a Success on easy terms by the use of our lucky 22ct. gold wedding rings and solid gold keepers for 35s. 6d. per pair; watch fobs, neckties, cutlery; and jewellery delivered on small deposit; balance monthly; illustrations post free.—Write Dept. 162, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

BARGAIN.—Sheffield Table Cutlery; 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel; Crayford ivory balanced handles; unsold; 10s. 6d.; approval.—H. 58, Stockwell-st., S.W.

CHIP Potato and Cookshop Fittings; every variety; champagne ranges, potato peelers; new 116-page list free.—Mabbott's, Poland-st., Manchester.

A Great Demand. Grand Window Attraction, Art Picture-Postcards; 36 superior cards, 10d. post free; 72 for 1s. 6d., 103 for 2s. 14d. for 2s. 7d. Also free samples. All very handily coloured. Mention paper and styles desired. 36 Famous Actresses, 36 North End Views, 36 Famous Cricketers (photos), 36 London Views, 36 West England Views, 36 All British Views—Francis and Co. (Wholesale Dept.), Exchange-st., Norwich.

PICTURE Postcards (coloured views, actresses, etc.); 25. 4d.; 50. 8d.; 100. 1s. 4d.; different; post free; agents wanted.—Perrin Bros., 36, Silverway-st., Harefield, N.W.

POSTCARDS.—50 artistically coloured and assorted picture postcards, postage free, 1s. 2d.; 12 hand-painted, 1s.—Publishers, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham.

SILVER-Mounted Knives.—Service, 12 table, 12 dessert knives, carvers, and steel; heavily silver-mounted; hall marked; ivory handles; unsold; sacrifice 27s. 6d.; approval.—W. 2, Claydon-st., S.W.

FURNITURE.—Lady leaving England wishes to dispose of contents of house, including walnut bedroom suite, 25s. 6d.; beautiful velvet suite, 25s. 6d.; dining-table, etc.; leaf, 18s.; overmantel, 10s.; bedsteads, etc.; must sell; private.—30, Newman-st., Oxford-st., W.

My Favourite

N.B. Very nourishing and Sustaining!!

PETER'S SWISS MILK-CHOCOLATE

"DAILY MIRROR" Miniatures, sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror."—Your miniature coloured for 3s. 1d. post free.—Send photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress, together with P.O. for 3s. 1d. to be crossed Outts and Co. Miniature Dept. 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

FIELD, Race, Marine Glasses, by Delamere, Paris; 50-mile range; 10 achromatic lenses; in leather sling case; 11s. 6d.; approval.—Emanuel, 31, Clapham-rd.

FREE.—Send for our latest illustrated catalogue of Lace and Muslin Curtains, etc.—Marpis and Co., Dept. 10, Nottingham.

FURNITURE.—Rich Saddle-bag Suite, large handsome Carpet, Reg. pretty Table and Cases; only 25. 10s. or 2s. 6d. per week; Broadwood Piano, 45s.—See Chase, Hine, 97, Windward-st., Stoke Newington.

LADY sacrifice two 16-carat gold-rimmed Orient diamond Rings; only 3s. the two; approval.—Miss Andrews, The Gabes, Ealing Dean, W.

MAGNIFICENT Binoocular, Field, or Race Glass—8-guinea pair, by Le Maître, Paris (best maker in the world); 12 extra powerful lenses; absolutely perfect definition; will show a bullet mark at 1,000 yards; sacrifice, 50s.; approval.—Capt. N., Pool's, 90, Fleet-st., E.C.

"DAILY MIRROR" Miniatures, sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror."—Your miniature coloured for 3s. 1d. post free.—Send photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress, together with P.O. for 3s. 1d. to be crossed Outts and Co. Miniature Dept. 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

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POSTCARD ABUIN SEASON, 1905.

Something Quite Unique. STRONGLY BOUND IN REAL JAPANESE COVERS. "A MARVEL OF ARTISTIC FINIS AND QUALITY." Unsolicited Testimonials from all parts daily.

Over 50,000 Already Sold. Art Colour. Artistically Lettered in White.

3 Cards on a Page. No. 1 to hold 500 .. 4/6 200 .. 300 .. 4/6

4 Cards on a Page. No. 1 to hold 300 .. 2/1 200 .. 400 .. 2/3 200 .. 600 .. 2/6

Newest Shade of Dark Green Leaves. 50 different views (usually sold at 1d. each).

1/9 THE LOT. POST FREE. 1/9 Two Parcels and over, Penny per Parcel reduction.

All orders executed strictly in rotation. Large demand anticipated. ORDER AT ONCE. Illustrated Catalogue of other Designs sent Free on Application. GEORGE TAPLIN, Manufacturer, Harrington, LONDON, N.

PLASMON

DELICIOUS NUTRITIOUS CUSTARD POWDER

Requires only half the usual quantity of milk to make a perfect custard without eggs.

In 3 Flavours, all Grocers and Stores, &c.

STREET-TREADS (polished brass); low prices; write for list; carriage paid. (United Kingdom)—Humphrey and Co., Swan-chambers, Upper Thames-st., E.C.

STREET Cinematograph Theatre; complete, films, everything; bargain, 28s.—42, Portway, West Ham, East.

50 Picture Postcards, kind desired, 1s. 7d. (stamp)—Art Rue Théron, 10, Paris.

Wanted to Purchase. OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 10, Oxford-st. (opposite Berners-st., London established 100 years).

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; for highest prices apply Dr. Paget, Dentist, 219, Oxford-st., London; call or post parcels; immediate cash or offer made; firm est. 1755.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. COTTAGE Organ; splendid tone; 24 10s.; bargain.—115, Bishop-rd., Cambridge Heath, N.E.

COTTAGE Piano; good condition; 24 10s.; easy terms.—Furn. 103, Approach-rd., Cambridge Heath, N.E.

PIANO-FORTE.—Gentleman leaving England seeks purchaser for his magnificent, upright, iron Grand, on resonating sounding-board; new this season; all latest improvements; exquisite marquetrie panel; lovely tone and touch; no finer instrument could be desired—fit for any drawing-room or grand piano; 20 years warranty; transferable; apply after 4 p.m., Major, 49, Bidborough-st., Euston-rd., King's Cross.

15 Guineas.—Piano. "Duchess" Model (list price 30 guineas); by D'ALMAINE (established 120 years); solid iron frame, upright grand, full compass; full treble and octave action, etc.; in handsome carved case, 60in. in height; in use only 6 months; sent on approval, carriage free both ways; 20 years warranty; any terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher-class instrument within three years.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 51, Finsbury-pavement, E.C. Open till 7, Saturdays 3.

WITHOUT RESERVE. MESSRS. CAREY BROS. will SELL by AUCTION, MONDAY, August 14th, at 2 pm, 60 Cycles, several Motor-cycles, Engines and Fittings, 2 Motor-cars, Vices, Tools, and 200 new Cycle Inner Tubes and Sundries. At their large rooms, Elephant and Castle Station, S.E. Telephone, 8582 Central.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE. NO Home Rent.—"The President" Policy assures your life and helps you to buy your house; an interesting pamphlet (sent post free) describes the method of getting on with the Dept. No. 374, 72, Bishopgate-st. Without E.C.

430 cash; freehold Bungalow; 3 acres; most productive land; main road; near rail; charming district; balance 36s. 5d. monthly; 200 new Cycle Inner Tubes and Sundries. At their large rooms, Elephant and Castle Station, S.E. Telephone, 8582 Central.

EDUCATIONAL. CHATHAM House College, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years. High-class education for young gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.R.E.R. ("The Buffs"), military school for boys under 15; 49-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTMENTS AND BUSINESS TRAINING for young gentlemen; 15,000 situations already secured by Clark's College; few more openings; in England; Day, Evening, and Postal Classes; new terms, 21 August; 8 per cent. reduction during opening week; large guide free.—Clark's College, 1, Chancery-lane, London, W.

MARGATE.—Godwin Boys' School, Godwin-rd.; principals, E. and M. Smith; inclusive fees from 25 guineas; all exams.; established 45 years; next term September 11.

DENTISTRY. TEETH Free.—The Benevolent Dental Society of Great Britain and Ireland, 10, St. James's-st., London, W. Neighbourly Poor, those of Small Means, and Servants; Order Letters are given to Private Dentists. Free of Charge. Address: Edwin Drew, Sec., Editor "Amusement," which has details.

MISCELLANEOUS. ALL Ailments, Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Premature Decay, Lost Vitality; Mr. George, Eminent Herbal Specialist, will send full particulars stamped envelope.—Herbal Medicine Supply, 2121, High-st., Gateshead. Inexpensive Guaranteed Cure.

BATES' Hair Soap; specially prepared; cleanses and strengthens; prevents hair falling out; stamp.—Bates, 25, Brooks-st., Manchester.

CORNS bunched; painless; easily applied; only 7d.—Needham's, 49, Edgware-rd., London.

DEAFNESS and Noises in Head absolutely cured.—Free from A. Clifton, 23, Waterloo-rd., London, S.E.

DOCTOR Markwells's Complexion Soap.—Ella-laine Tabbia, Edna May, Mabel Love recommend; three shilling tablets, 4s. 6d. Bazaar of Health Pills, 1s. packages.—Russell Company, Tottenham.

DRUNKENNESS is Curable, speedily, permanently, at trifling cost, as grateful about 100,000 can be given secretly unknown to sufferers; save those dead to you; you can with certainty; particulars and sample, 1d. stamp.—Carlton Chemical Co., 43, Guildhall-lane, Birmingham.

ECZEMA and all Skin Diseases absolutely Cured with Kan-Ku.—Kan-Ku; post, 1s. 3d.—Kan-Ku, 15, Endeavour-st., Hull.

NEURALGIA, Headache, and Toothache instantly cured; perfectly harmless; only 7d.—Austin, 48, Widderspool-rd., Warrington.

SCOTCH and Aberdeen Terraces, pure bred, 3 guineas; pups, 2 guineas.—Major Richardson, Carnoustie, Scotland.

TOY Yorkshire Terriers; choice specimens; 5-12 months; reasonable offers.—Green, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.

VARIOUS Vices.—Thread elastic Stockings, 2s. 6d. each, all particulars; it will cost you nothing.—Address W. H. Brown, Esq., 41, Chesham-rd., Brighton, Sussex. Name send this paper.

WEAK Men suffering from Nervous Debility, or any complaint connected with the nervous system, should send all particulars; it will cost you nothing.—Address W. H. Brown, Esq., 41, Chesham-rd., Brighton, Sussex. Name send this paper.

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO., 10, 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.—Saturday, August 12, 1905.